THE BANKRUPTCY OF BISMARCKIAN POLICY. Fortnightly Review.



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THE BANKRUPTCY OF BISMARCKIAN POLICY.

The Anglo-French agreement is an unprecedented example of a diplomatic instrument concluded by two Powers in the midst of peace, but possessing all the scope and importance of the great international settlements only arrived at in the past as the result of historic wars. The Treaty of Utrecht, in spite of the Newfoundiand clause, which has only now been annulled after two centuries, raised England to her place at the head of the Great Powers. Fifty years later the Treaty of Paris recognized that unparalleled expansion by which, under Chatham's inspiration, the British Empire was With the lapse of yet ancreated. other twenty years, the American Colonies were wrenched away under the Treaty of Versailles, but even for that loss there was complete internal compensation, through an immediate growth of manufacturing wealth and population, no less wonderful in its way than the conquests of the previous generation by land and sea. There was no real interruption in the further development of power. Following our next, and by far our greatest war, the Treaty of Vienna, in 1815,

marked the achievement of a British predominance relatively more decisive than at any former period.

From that climax of our relative influence began, as we can now perceive, its decadence. To attempt an analysis of the causes here, would be out of They were emotional and economic so far as they were insular, they were economic and military so far as they were Continental. these causes were, the changes they produced were partly inevitable, as well as partly avoidable. The results of the Crimean War, as embodied in the Treaty of Paris, were in every respect an anti-climax by comparison with the achievements to which we had been accustomed in previous generations. Sea-power had lost its primacy, and the military idea-using the word in the narrower sense-obtained a more exclusive ascendancy than it had ever possessed during the eighteenth century. A fugitive interval of phosphorescent brilliancy under the Second Empire restored diplomatic predominance upon a military basis to With the Treaty of Frank-France. fort, it passed to Germany, which be-

came the first Power in Europe. The Treaty of Berlin itself recognized the German capital as the centre of diplomacy, and Lord Beaconsfield, on behalf of this country, played an interesting but a secondary rôle. Striking as it seemed, when England had already begun to be ignored in Europe, it was not a part which would have seemed large enough to Chatham, to Palmerston, or even to Castlereagh. Of the subsequent record of humiliation and effacement there is no need to speak in Under Mr. Gladstone, British detail. foreign policy became a thing to be neglected, ridiculed and flouted. Anti-Bismarckian in spirit, its impotence in Europe left Bismarckian influences supreme. Lord Salisbury, in his turn, allowed our policy to harmonize habitually with German purposes. Rosebery was less willing, but more helpless. The nature of the situation was only fully revealed to average Englishmen by events in the Far East, from the Treaty of Shiminoseki, to the seizure of Port Arthur and Kiaochau. The British Empire was treated as a cipher, even in the vital sphere of oversea policy, where her voice has always been decisive since the reign of Queen Anne, and Germany, with premature ambition, became something like an open candidate for the succession to our sea-power and Imperial influence. The Anglo-French agreement means that she has missed her grasp. many, with extraordinary rapidity, has lost at all points her former sureness of hold upon the international situa-In the international concert she no longer plays the part of conductor. She has exchanged Prince Bismarck's bâton for Count Bülow's "flute." The semi-official journals may rhapsodize to order about the unshakable integrity of the Triple Alliance. The severe truth is that Germany is at the present moment the most isolated Power, that Berlin has been deposed from its

predominance in Europe, and that the whole Bismarckian system of policy has come to total bankruptcy in the hands of the Iron Chancellor's successors. We can now see that by the Treaty of Frankfort England lost as much in influence as France did in territory.

Without another war the political grouping of Europe has been placed upon a new basis, with a centre of gravity widely removed from the point at which it had been maintained for a Germany feels that her generation. diplomacy has suffered a silent débâcle with disastrous and inexplicable completeness. France, with a security for her whole colonial dominion she had never possessed till now since her colonial history began, is free once more to concentrate upon Continental policy and acquires a Continental position such as Berlin had not for one moment expected her to command again, regards this country, Lord Lansdowne has had the distinction, to a large extent deserved, of signing an instrument which does more to restore England's relative influence in Europe than anything that has happened for two generations. It divides two eras by a clean line of cleavage. It liquidates old quarrels and leaves us with the freer hands we needed to deal efficiently with new and perhaps more formidable problems. We cannot say that England stands again at the head of the European system, for there is no longer any head to that system. But what we can say with certainty is that the magnetic pole of diplomacy has so altered its position that the needle trembles towards a point that lies somewhere between Paris and London, but no longer lies between Berlin and St. Petersburg.

In itself, and as regards the two Powers concerned, the settlement is one which must increase the hopes of all reasonable men for a reign of rea-

son in international affairs. Each country has secured direct advantages of value as well as indirect advantages of incalculable importance. Neither has been called upon to make any serious sacrifice. Where both Powers have gained, indeed, France must be admitted to have gained most. M. Delcassé has secured beyond all question the most solid diplomatic triumph yet achieved under the Third Republic. If it had been won by a professed pupil of Richelieu, like M. Hanotaux, all Europe would have devoted itself to picturesque speculation upon the reappearance of the Great Cardinal's spirit on the stage of twentieth-century pol-The whole of the praise must be shared, no doubt, with M. Paul Cambon, the admirable Ambassador of France to this country, whose success wrings the withers of his diplomatic competitors in another quarter. achievement is even more remarkable than that of his brilliant colleague at Rome, M. Camille Barrère. Here we may glance at the striking fact that although the highest diplomacy is conventionally considered to be a monarchical institution, France was never better served by her Ministers abroad than she has been during the last twenty years. Their efforts in every direction but that one which is purposely allowed to remain open like the gap in the Vosges, have gone very far to redress the fortune of war.

Above all, France has now acquired a position which will afford, as long as she chooses, an absolute guarantee of the integrity of her colonial dominion. British sea-power was the greatest danger to it. British sea-power becomes the final security for it. This country would undoubtedly go to war to prevent French colonial dominion from becoming a German colonial dominion. In other words, France can turn her eyes towards the Rhine and towards Continental affairs generally

with a feeling of security as regards her sea-interests that she has never known since Richelieu. In the settlement of the colonial question for France, and the renewed predominance of the Continental interest in her policy, we touch part of the vital significance of the agreement in its reflex effect upon European affairs.

For England the gains are equal or, perhaps, more than equal. The sacrifices at the same time are more obvious. The Republic does not cede one inch of her dominion, and was not called upon to do so for the happy reason that not one inch of French ground is coveted by this country. We, on the other hand, have conveyed considerable pieces of British territory to another flag. No sane man can pretend that we are weakened relatively by the loss of a few imperceptible inches of such an empire as ours. You might as well represent the dusting of the piano to be an injury to the instrument.

In point of mere utilizable territory, we gain more by the release of the French shore from the diplomatic mortgage which had weighed upon it for two centuries than we lose upon the Niger or the Gambia. Egypt released so far as the Third Republic is concerned from financial restraints no less embarrassing than the territorial obstruction which existed upon the Newfoundland shore, becomes as British in reality as Newfoundland itself. If France were likely to become a hostile Power within the next two generations, the relinquishment to her influence of l' Empire qui Croule, would be a bad one. But since it strengthens immensely the likelihood that the friendship between England and France will gradually harden into a permanent alliance based upon a natural harmony of interests, the Morocco arrangement must be regarded, on the whole, as thoroughly sound, and Lord Lansdowne has shown in this particular, the statesmanlike courage that wise concession demands.

For here, again, we see the masterfeature of the agreement in its effect upon the position and prospects of the Powers. It completely destroys the diplomatic prospects of Germany. To say that it was not directed against her, is a verbal formula. The fact is only partly true. So far as it is true, it is not important. If not directed against Germany, the Anglo-French settlement works most powerfully against Germany. It leaves her statesmen nonplussed; it deprives her diplomacy of the fulcrum by which it had exerted its strongest leverage upon the international situation. The Franco-Russian Alliance was already the principal obstacle to all the ambitions of Pan-Germanism on land. The Anglo-French agreement places a more formidable obstacle across the path of the Kaiser's ambitions by sea. Again, the whole world asks that searching question which the present writer has repeatedly raised in these pages during the last few years. Is it Germany's "future," in the Kaiser's sense, that lies "auf dem Wasser," or is Germany's fate far more likely to be found there? In any case, the international situation is altered to her disadvantage to an extent that appeared inconceivable only a few years ago, when the first events of the Boer war deprived the whole German nation of its caution, and for one delusive moment seemed to open the door to illimitable aspirations. There is an utter collapse of the foundation upon which the Wilhelmstrasse has rested for a generation. All Bismarck's diplomatic work after the Treaty of Frankfortyes, the whole of it, as we shall presently perceive-is undone. We may well picture the vindictive shade of the Iron Chancellor rising before William II. in midnight intervals of

thought, with the whisper of Nemesis from shadowy lips.

The great ghost will not haunt the It would slumbers of Count Bülow. not consider the fourth Chancellor worth the visitation. We may depend upon it that Bismarckian insight would not have been deceived for a moment as to the real quality of that accomplished but over-estimated man. Count Bülow has proved the Lord Rosebery of the German situation. With more fibre and also with more difficulties, he has become as completely the victim of events. Phrases in both cases form the façade of a reputation, but time has proved that the architecture behind the façade was curiously lacking in solidity and depth. Count Bülow has committed the worst of all possible errors. He has sacrificed the vital interests of German diplomacy phrases-phrases spoken in the Reichstag, phrases in the columns of the semi-official Press. His strange conception of the extent to which England could be trifled with has proved as crude and costly a blunder of its kind as a statesman ever made. Beside an ex-journalist like M. Delcassé, with his genuine insight, his faultless reticence, his sober and patient method, the successor of Bismarck has revealed himself in essentials an amateur.

Few things in the history of diplomatic method are more instructive than this bankruptcy in the hands of sufficiently clever men of a system by which one of the greatest figures of modern Europe ruled Europe for thirty years, and achieved constructive results comparable with those of Richelieu and Chatham alone. Why was the Bismarckian system adopted? Why was it successful? Why has it failed? The inquiry shows that the ideas of a supreme man are a priceless possession and a dangerous heritage. tions will presently learn what the Iron Chancellor knew better than any one,

that diplomatic expedients wear out like battleships and guns, and that they ought to be as regularly discarded and replaced.

There was, of course, nothing novel in the Iron Chancellor's practical method, though he applied the oldest of all diplomatic devices with extraordinary freshness and address. Bismarck, as it were, was Richelieu reversed. Richelieu sought to consolidate France and to divide and weaken the rest of Europe to the utmost possible extent. Bismarck created a united Germany and desired a disunited Continent. cess in the latter aim was the condition of success in the former. No conception amidst the circumstances in which Prussia found herself could have been sounder, more legitimate, more inevita-His procedure started with the ble. abstention of Prussia from any participation in the Crimean War. maintained an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards St. Petersburg.

This was the first ostentations proclamation that Prussia had no interest in the Near Eastern question. apparent at once that this was the corner-stone of the Iron Chancellor's diplomacy. So long as Berlin professed to have no interest in the Eastern Question, its moral alliance with Russia rested upon a natural basis. Vienna and St. Petersburg, upon the contrary, had for a long time believed their interests in the Balkans to be fundamentally antagonistic. Russia thought her immediate interest lay in the weakening of Austria. She looked, accordingly, with complaisance upon an overthrow of the Hapsburg monarchy, which seemed to clear the path towards Constantinople. Napoleon the Third wished to weaken Austria in order that she might be expelled from Venetia. Much more did Italy desire the same result for the same reason. Thus the Dual Monarchy was isolated with astonishing skill until it was

struck down. Why, it was sometimes asked, did not Bismarck seize the moment to consummate the Pan-German idea by annexing Bohemia and absorbing the Teutonic provinces of the Hapsburg dominions. There were overwhelming reasons, The moderation displayed by Bismarck towards Vienna was a moderation dictated by necessity, even more than by wisdom. That he did not want to strengthen the Catholic opposition in Prussia by adding millions of new citizens to its ranks, is, doubtless, true. But if the Iron Chancellor had wished to incorporate them, he could not have done it. France would have taken up arms, and Germany would have been compelled to take over the Eastern policy of Vienna. Austria had to continue to exist. The next necessity was that she should be a friend.

France was the next victim of Bismarck's diplomatic Prince ciency. France had to France had to be isolattacked. Europe had again to be kept divided, but upon new lines. France had not interfered for Austria. the contrary, she had indirectly helped to bring about Sadowa. The policy of Vienna looked passively upon Sedan. The recollection of the Crimean War still kept St. Petersburg neutral. England, in a mood of re-action from Palmerstonian restlessness, was kept apart by many reasons. But at that particular moment she had not the ability, even if she had had the will, to influence the evolution of Europe. She was in presence of one of the things which no amount of sea-power, apart from great military force, can prevent. Neither did we understand that a new competitor for the sea had been born in the battles upon the Belgian fron-Bismarck's second creative purtier. pose was accomplished. It is idle to ask by the light of the experience we are now acquiring, whether he would

not have done better, from his own point of view, to leave France unmutilated as he had left Austria. Austria-c'n'est qu'un Gouvernement. France is a nation, and one of the proudest. Her memory of mere defeat would not have been easily extinguished, and had her territory remained intact, she might have attempted the revanche sooner, who can tell? But almost every day since the telegram to Mr. Kruger-certainly every day since the beginning of the Boer war, has made it clearer that Alsace-Lorraine forms the most serious barrier to all the wider ambitions of Germany by land and sea.

After 1870, the problem was altered. Bismarck sincerely desired the peace he succeeded in preserving, while he remained in power. But he did not desire it for ethical or humanitarian With such reasons he had reasons. nothing to do. Another war would necessarily have meant Armageddon, involving disproportionate risks. create fresh enemies would have been to create the probability of a universal coalition against Germany as formerly against Napoleon and Louis the Four-Bismarck showed the charteenth. acter of his political judgment by stopping the career of German conquest where he did.

The Eastern question had played from the first a profound though unseen influence in the manœuvres of Berlin to combine or separate the Powers. The Dreikaiserbund, which had no concrete basis of mutual interest, only lasted while the Eastern question remained in abeyance. Some Power had to be permanently strengthened as the result of the Berlin Congress, and here, for the first time, Prince Bismarck's statesmanship was subjected to a crucial ordeal, from which it emerged more successful in appearance than in reality. It was of the essence of his purpose that neither of the neighboring

Empires should be strong enough to be independent of Germany, nor weak enough to be useless to Germany. spite of the formula of disinterestedness in the Eastern question, the Iron Chancellor was compelled to assist Austria in preventing the excessive aggrandizement of Russia, and in annulling the Treaty of San Stefano. that moment popular sentiment in Russia never got over its passionate feeling that Germany was a false friend. The hotter Pan-Slav spirit began to declare that the road to Constantinople lay not through Vienna but through Recent developments have Berlin. suggested that they were more seriously right than they knew. Since the interposition of Alexander II. against the plans of the military party in Berlin for a second attack upon France, Bismarck's prophetic fears had convinced him that an alliance between the Tsardom and the Third Republic could not be permanently averted. But for another ten years he postponed the evil day with amazing adroitness. Austria-Hungary was dependent, certain to be "conserved," as long as the interests of Berlin should demand. Italy was drawn into the net by playing upon the irritation created in Rome by the Mediterranean adventures which France was secretly encouraged to undertake.

Three Powers still remained more or less outside the diplomatic orbit of Berlin—two wholly, one partially. The latter was Russia, the other two France and England. The Bismarckian system aimed at the isolation of all three, and yet maintained considerable influence over the policy of all of them. The famous insurance treaty with St. Petersburg was a last desperate device to convince Russia that Germany would never waste the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier in defence of Austrian interests in the Balkans. With the denunciation of the insurance

treaty, and the long train of events leading up from the Battenburg abduction to the fêtes of Cronstadt, the foundations of Bismarckian diplomacy began definitely to settle. Neither France nor Russia was any longer isolated, and for the first time since the Iron Chancellor had enjoyed the confidence of his former Sovereign, an alliance of two Great Powers had sprung into existence as a check even if not as a menace, to Berlin.

Whether Bismarck, if he had remained in office, could have employed any expedient to dissolve or sterilize the Dual Combination, we shall not know until the diplomatic secrets of our time are far more completely revealed. There were dim shapes of solid meaning in the gloomy oracles of the old Chancellor's retirement, and in his vitriolic attacks upon the policy of his successors. To those who inherited his maxims but not his skill, Bismarck bequeathed one priceless asset exploited for a while with a success that concealed the fundamental failure of policy with which the new Kaiser's personal government began. and Russia were no longer divided. But England remained alone outside the sphere of Continental combinations. The Iron Chancellor had invented the famous principle of "creating a diversion." He encouraged England in Egypt in order to embroil her with France. He patronized the colonial policy of Jules Ferry, in the hope that it would involve the Third Republic sooner or later in some direction or other with the British Empire. don was baited from time to time to keep St. Petersburg in play. He used his own colonial policy in Africa and Australasia to deepen the impression, both in Paris and St. Petersburg, that in colonial matters a common front might be presented against this country by the three greatest Continental Powers. This particular portion of

the Bismarckian system was in some ways the most complex and cunning mechanism of wheels within wheels ever employed in diplomacy. It was the infernal machine or submarine mine of diplomacy, warranted to explode with automatic certainty at some inevitable moment of contact,

After Prince Bismarck's retirement, therefore, the calculations of the Wilhelmstrasse were governed by an idea which led in the end to stereotyped formulas and mechanical action. was assumed that Germany had no irreconcilable differences with any Power-but that the interests of Germany were at the same time providentially secured, without expense, by the existence of absolutely irreconcilable differences between England on the one hand and France and Russia on the other. When the effort failed to emphasize German predominance in Europe by drawing England definitely into a Quadruple Alliance, the alternative course of organizing Continental hostility against this country was pursued with more and more audacity, while the faith of the British Government and the British people in Teutonic friendship became more and more implicit. There was no longer any very eminent skill employed by the diplomatic ministers and agents of Berlin, but insular credulity was an asset up to the very outbreak of the Boer war not less valuable than Bismarck's genius.

It is difficult to realize at this moment how narrowly this country, in its sublime unconsciousness, escaped the intended consequences of by far the most dangerous diplomatic tactics that have ever been directed against her. From the very first, those who ran might have read the semi-official Press, but for years German appeared to be a language undiscovered by the Foreign Office. The Dual Alliance was clamorously represented by the semi-

official journals in Berlin, and their obsequious echoes in Vienna, to be directed against England. Every art was used, indeed, to direct it against England, just as in later days the operations of this diplomacy have reached from Washington to Constantinople in simultaneous attempts to manipulate America and the Turk as part of the extensive but single-minded conspiracy for relieving Berlin from embarrassments at the sole expense of Whitehall. The Kaiser seized the opportunity of joining France and Russia in the Triple Alliance of the Far East. Japan was expelled from the mainland. Kiao-chau and Port Arthur were seized in concert. Manchuria was not a German interest. Yet the Yangtsze agreement was advertised as a triumph over the cupidity of an impotent and baffled island.

Upon the other hand, M. Hanotaux had become a convert to the theory that France, in tacit concert with Germany, should seek Colonial compensation for her Continental injuries, and should compound in Egypt for Alsace. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the new triplice in the Far East, Colonel Marchand's expedition was directed towards the Nile. "Now let it work, mischief thou art afoot." The first ominous check, with the refusal of Paris to support the Kruger telegram policy, did not disconcert the calculations of the Mark Antonys of Berlin, as much as has been since pre-In 1898 came the Fashoda tended. imbroglio, and the crisis in the Far East reached its acute character. It was now believed in Germany that the effect of the infernal machine must be infallible. A struggle upon the Fashoda question would have been a godsend to all German purposes, as it would have been ruinous for all British and French purposes. That struggle was avoided by a hair's-breadth. In Siam, the prescient policy which delighted to see Jules Ferry in Tonkin had already seen the risk of war become grave. Even after the fatal disappointment over Fashoda, it was still believed that England's relations with Russia must ultimately involve her with both the Powers of the Dual Alliance,

The year 1899 was the greatest business year that commercial Germany had ever known. There was some intoxication in the air. Even sober temperaments succumbed to it. Measureless ambitions assumed the persuasive shape of readily attainable things. Russia was absorbed in the Far East. France was emerging painfully from the throes of the "affaire," England was about to be plunged into the South African war. The posture of the world has rarely seemed more favorable to the purposes of any great Power than it was to those of Germany, nor less auspicious for the future of any country than it seemed for us, with the opening months of the Boer war. The climax of opportunity is always the point of peril. The Kaiser, with prodigal rashness, with a brilliancy of daring that took away the world's breath, exposed the aims of German policy in every direction. Count Bülow gloried with equal zest in revealing the pulse of the machine. Baghdad railway concession startled Russia for the first time into recognition of the fact that the formula upon which Bismarckian diplomacy was founded in the beginning, and with which St. Petersburg had been successfully amused at repeated intervals long after it had ceased to be true, had in reality become a thing of With the concession for a the past. German railway to the Persian Gulf, it was impossible to pretend any more that Germany had no political interests in the Eastern question. has since listened to the formula on several occasions, with well simulated

solemnity, but she has never since believed it. She realized for the first time that the loss of the Near East was the price she was expected in Berlin to pay for her acquisitions in the Far East. At the same time, Austria was alarmed by the Pan-German excesses against which the Wilhelmstrasse has never yet made any serious demonstrations.

Infinitely more serious, however, was the mistake made in the treatment of this country. In the circumstances of the last ten years it would perhaps have been impossible for the Great Chancellor himself to have continued his policy of keeping Russia and England simultaneously in play with equal satisfaction to both these nations. The task has proved disastrously beyond Count Bülow's capacity. England might have remained blind to the meaning of the Navy Bills for some years longer, had not the fourth Chancellor taken every care to enlighten her in his endeavor to strengthen a career of phrases, by more phrases. He essayed to improve his reputation as a Parliamentary orator by turning facetious periods at the expense of the Great Power which was about to prove itself a very Great Power indeed. The Boer war showed that German hatred, which was largely the deliberate creation of German policy, was arming itself with fleets. This was a more unmistakable warning to this country than the Baghdad railway scheme had been to Russia. When England awoke during the South African war, she awakened not to one thing, but to everything, and in the intention not to sleep again on certain matters. With that awakening the whole scheme of Teutonic ambition, by all the irony of human affairs, came crashing at the very moment when the situation at last seemed most secure.

It cannot be too clearly understood that the bankruptcy of the Bismarck-

ian system has been due, on the one hand, to the over-trading upon it in the country of its origin, and on the other hand, to the revolt of the English people themselves against it. Little more than a year ago we had the Venezuelan imbroglio, and a final attempt to enter into a special partnership with Germany in the Baghdad railway enterprise. It was the decisive refusal of this country to tolerate any further subservience to German plans which fully opened the eyes of the French people to the fact that England was no longer, as for nearly twenty years she had seemed to be, the moral ally of Berlin. This feeling, and this feeling alone, made the Republic fully responsive to the influence of King Edward's personality, and set in train the happy series of circumstances resulting in the Anglo-French settlement. Although it is true that his Majesty's Government was rather forcibly detached by public opinion from its former adhesion to Germany, Lord Lansdowne has earned the appreciation of all patriotic men for the skill and judgment with which he has risen to a very memorable opportunity. His Majesty ripened the harvest, Lord Lansdowne has had the good fortune to reap it, but the seed was sown by German anglophobes, and by the efforts in this country of all who have worked to enlighten British public opinion upon the subject of German policy.

Bismarck's plans were definitely directed against one Great Power at a time, and he succeeded twice in isolating the Power at which he intended to strike. That was the very essence of the diplomacy to which the creation of modern Germany is due. The Imperial Alcibiades has failed for two reasons, first, in the choice of men, secondly, as brilliant versatility is most apt to do, for lack of singleness of aim.

Count Bülow has not proved a fortunate choice, though it is not clear that he could be easily replaced. France has shown, since the liquidation of the "affaire," that she still possesses remarkable reserves of political talent. That is a plant which has not seemed to ripen easily in the maiser's shadow—his own ubiquitous initiative leaving too little scope for that of others.

But the fundamental error lies elsewhere. Speculating upon the irreconcilable differences, the inevitable conflict between England and the Dual Alliance, Germany has too openly prepared herself to profit by the expected embarrassments of both. The prize of sea-power was the most coveted object of the Kaiser's ambition. That could only have been won by improving upon the classic Bismarckian preceets-by throwing the weight of a Continental coalition against an isolated island. "Fortune has bantered me," said Bolingbroke. Fortune has bantered the Kaiser. Of this dream. events, with astounding caprice, have made an utter end. Not only has the Anglo-French agreement been signed, though the failure of Berlin diplomacy in that respect is exactly what Bismarck's would have been, if Austria had effected a firm rapprochement with France before 1866, or France with Russia before 1870. The Japanese war has simultaneously extinguished for the present the naval power of the Tsardom. Again, the infernal machine has failed to explode in the manner expected. In the midst of a crisis which was most confidently depended upon to plunge them into war, the two Western Powers have cemented something like the basis of a permanent Upon that side the theory friendship. of irreconcilable differences is disposed But what of the other side? Whether Russia retains effective possession of Manchuria as a result of the present war, or whether she is utterly beaten, the pendulum will swing back from the Far East to the Near East, and there the irreconcilable differences are more likely to open along the line of the Baghdad railway.

It would be premature to speculate upon the prospects of an Anglo-Russian settlement, under the conditions following the war. These conditions have first to be determined, and very much will depend upon the exact position occupied by the combatants at the close of the struggle. But it is at least almost certain that the situation will present opportunities such as have not before existed for a provisional arrangement with Russia, likely to harden naturally into a permanent compromise. Berlin, at least, perceives with blank concern that the theory of fundamental antagonism between England and Russia is no longer one which can be built upon in the future with the old sense of security. In one word, Germany is, for all positive purposes, an isolated Power. Triple Alliance exists as a superfluous safeguard against an attack upon her, which no one designs. For all the active objects of diplomacy, Germany has no ally whatever, except the Sultan and the Pope, neither of whom are sea-Powers. The Bismarckian tradition has ended in German isolation, and the Wilhelmstrasse has awakened to the fact that German politicians have behaved in diplomacy as the British subaltern was behaving four years ago in war.

It would be an irreparable mistake to imagine that a danger temporarily in abeyance is a danger which has finally disappeared, that a problem postponed is a problem disposed of. Germany's greatest asset resides within herself. With the present year her population reaches the figure of 60,000,000. Her wealth increases more than proportionately with the development of industry and trade. It is a

matter of life and death for German policy to seek new combinations. The very collapse of Bismarckian methods must lead to the evolution of a new policy better adapted to the existing state of international facts. We cannot afford to delude ourselves for one moment as to the aim upon which the German diplomacy of the future will endeavor to concentrate. What is the one solid and progressive achievement of the Kaiser's reign? It is the policy, which, for all practical purposes, has already made Germany the third Naval Power in the world, and which at no distant date will make her the silent

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and obstinate competitor with America for second place. No matter what fluctuations of policy may appear in other directions, the Kaiser continues, without pausing or swerving, to add ship to ship. For the last half decade every international crisis involving this country has been marked by a new Flottengesetz. The certain result of the Anglo-French agreement will be another increase in the German Fleet. The chief value of that settlement to us is that it leaves us with hands free to cope with the growing peril, which, soon or late, will become the nearest and greatest concern of all our policy. Calchas.

HUXLEY.

Casting round for a theme which might fitly be the subject of this first Huxley Lecture which the University of Birmingham, doing me great honor, has asked me to deliver, I bethought me of the wish of the generous founder of the Lectures that, if possible, this first lecture should be entrusted to some one who knew Huxley, not by his writings and public utterances only, but in a closer way, through being numbered within the happy circle of his inner friends. That wish seemed to me an invitation to devote this first lecture to the man himself and his work; and, not without fear and trembling, I have ventured to guide myself by such an invitation. I will not attempt to dwell on any details of his life; these can be, ought to be, and probably are, known to you all. I must content myself with some thoughts about his ways, his views, and his aims. As I go along I can only

* Being the first "Huxley" lecture of the University of Birmingham, delivered on March 16. touch lightly, and in a passing way, on some of the many and varied problems which are started by the consideration of his manifoldly active life; these, or at least many of them, will doubtless be fully dealt with by the able men who will succeed me in the coming years. Following in his steps, I shall, even at the risk of giving offence, try to speak plainly and straightforwardly when I come to touch on themes with which he dealt, about which we all feel so deeply.

Every one in this world, at least every one of whom others need take count, has a dominant note. If I ask myself, what was Huxley's dominant note? I find myself answering without hesitation-a love of knowledge, an ever present never satisfied desire to know. There are many ways of knowing; of these two stand out as distinctive ways, offering a contrast One way of the one to the other. knowing lies in gathering up, in sweeping into the mind, all the grains of information which happen to be lying

around. This is, as it were, the greediness of multifarious knowledge,-conspicuous in the child, but also common in the adult; it is that yearning to know everything that is going on which is the mainspring of daily talk and makes the fortunes of the Press. Such a greed of knowledge Huxley possessed; such a way of knowing he followed to a remarkable degree; nothing touched him, nothing even came near to him but what he strove to lay hold of it. And he found such profit to himself in this kind of knowledge that he laid it down as an axiom of education that every one, so far as possible, should be led towards knowing something of everything.

Another way of knowing is, when a thing is to be known, to know it fully and exactly; to be aware where the known begins, and where it ends; to be sure and clear what the terms, the symbols used in the knowledge really mean; to have the component parts of each bit of knowledge so arranged that it may fitly serve as the instrument of clear and exact thinking. This is the kind of knowledge in which Huxley. above most men, found his heart's con-We know from his life that his love of machinery led him at one time to wish to be an engineer. What fascinated him in a machine was its completeness and perfection, the fitting together of all its parts to a common end, the feature that, if well and truly made, it could at any time without harm, be taken to pieces and put together again. He demanded that, so far as possible, each piece of knowledge of which he had to make use should have the completeness, the perfection, the clean fit of a machine. With such exact and sharply defined knowledge alone could he feel that he was thinking clearly.

Some minds there are which find a charm in indistinctness; impressionists in matters of knowledge, truth seems

to them to have the greater charm when its features are softened by a surrounding mist of doubt and uncertainty; placed before them in sharp, clear outlines, it offends them as being hard and crude. It was not so with Huxley. He felt as fully as any one the beauty born of dimness which rounds off with softness the features of the far-off horizon where the known makes clouds out of the unknown; but to him that beauty belonged to that far-off horizon alone; in things within the focus of intellectual vision beauty lay in clear and well-defined images; whatever came before him with its outlines blurred by imperfect comprehension, loose expression, and vague presentation, was to him something ugly. It was this combination of wide and varied knowledge with a love of exact and rigorous thinking which gave to him, so it seems to me, his worth and influence as a man of science. Circumstances led him to find a sphere for his scientific activity in that branch of science which, under the name of Comparative Anatomy, or Animal Morphology, deals with the multifarious forms of the living beings which we call animals. His early wish had been to become an engineer, busying himself with machines; turned away from this by fate, he had wished to give himself to the somewhat allied science of physiology, which deals with animals as machines. But this also was not to be; he was driven to devote himself to a branch of science which was not his first love, and for which he was in some respects less fitted. Any lack of fitness, however, which there might have been was soon lost sight of amid the many and great products of his labors.

In each science progress appears as a series of steps, each step being marked by the appearance of some work of prominent worth, the intervals between each such work being filled

up with the products of a number of intermediate less significant labors, contributing to the progress, but in a less effective manner. The work whose appearance thus marks a step, whether it be what is called a discovery, or whether it be the setting forth of a new view or theory, is often spoken of as a classic work; it is remembered, and referred to afterwards again and again, while the less significant labors are forgotten. For many years Huxley continued to produce in Comparative Anatomy, including Palæontology, for to this also by sheer force of circumstances he was led to direct his attention, works which are enrolled in the list of scientific classics. The earlier of these, those on jelly fish, molluses, and other oceanic animal forms, were done as almost apprentice work, done while he was as yet a mere youngster, serving as a surgical subaltern on board the Rattlesnake in an exploring expedition to the Australian seas. These and the rest are to be found in the four large volumes of scientific memoirs which his publishers, Messrs. Macmillan, brought out as their contribution to the memory of his name. Of the many memoirs contained in those volumes a large number are now and always will be spoken of as classic memoirs. To the man of science those volumes alone are adequate proof of how much Huxley did to push forward the science among the followers of which fate had led him to enrol him-

All real scientific work has this distinctive mark: it is reproductive and fertile, it gives birth to other scientific work following upon itself, and that in two ways. It is reproductive in the way of the parentage of fact; each new discovery of real worth becomes the starting point of new inquiries, leading in turn to new discoveries. It is also reproductive in the way of the parentage of spirit and of method; and

this parentage is, perhaps, the more fertile of the two. The new discovery, the new fact made known, the new view put forward and commanding assent, is, often at least, the outcome of a new way of looking at things; and that new way of looking at things spreads among those who are working at the same subject. Again and again the appearance of a memoir or a book has acted like a magnet, turning men's minds from looking in one direction and making them look in another. Huxley's work in Comparative Anatomy-or perhaps I ought to use a wider phrase, and say in Biology-was of the reproductive kind, and reproductive especially by way of parentage of method.

When he sailed away from England on board the Rattlesnake much, if not nearly all, the work which was being done, and for many years past had been done, in England at least, in the way of enlarging our knowledge of animal forms, consisted, on the one hand, in the careful but dull accumulation of facts, unillumined by any thought asto what was the real meaning of the facts so industriously gathered together; and, on the other hand, in the putting forward of nebulous and fantastic theories as to that meaning, theories not springing out of the consideration of the facts themselves, but coming from elsewhere, the offspring of foreign ideas, thrust into the facts from the outside. Huxley's mind, with its clear and exact way of thinking, with its tendency to look upon a machine as a model of excellence, rebelled at the very outset against these vague and mystic theories, the hybrid products, it seemed to him, of careful observation and loose thinking. strove to replace them by ideas more justly deserving to be spoken of as scientific. He saw how in the sisterphysical sciences progress consisted in the marshalling of facts under laws.

the knowledge of which came through observation and experiment, and which indeed were but the expression of elaborated observation; and he set himself to the task of making the same fruitful method dominant in biology. The very first papers which he sent home to England from the far-off Southern Seas not only added largely to new knowledge, but served as striking lessons in the new way of attacking biological problems; these were in turn followed by others, all exemplifying the value of the new method; and though the older men were in two minds about them, disliking the new ideas but admiring the ability with which they were put forward, the younger men received them gladly and Under Huxley's lead a new school of biological inquiry came into being. Thus from the very beginning of his career, by mere force of his efforts to get for himself a clear view of the things with which he had to deal, to gain a firm ground from which he could push forward into the unknown, Huxley, without thought of others, became a teacher of inquirers.

But he could not do without thinking of others. To his strong desire to know fully, and to think clearly for himself, there was added a no less strong desire that others also should know fully and should think clearly. Not content, as he well might have been, with being a teacher by example, he, very soon after his return to England, became a teacher by precept. While some of us of the biological craft are painfully aware of how much science would have gained had the stream of energy which later on spread over such wide fields been kept in its earlier and narrower channel, we must admit that the world at large would thereby have been greatly a loser. Huxley became a teacher by precept, set himself to the task of bettering the way in which men should be taught. He began,

naturally began, with the teaching of what I may call the professional few, with the training of those who enter upon the study of science, knowing that a knowledge of science must be, in one way or another, an important factor in their future life; but he very soon passed on to the wider task of teaching the general many. these kinds of teaching he held fast to the conception which had guided him in his own intellectual development, and which he formulated in the saying that the goal of teaching, that to which the face should be turned, though it might not be reached, should be to make the learner know something of everything and everything of something. The one stimulated intellectual appetite and awakened the innate capacities and tendencies of the mind, while at the same time it secured a broad basis on which to build. other furnished the only means of developing that power of clear and exact thinking which was the main end of teaching, since every teaching which failed to secure this was in vain, measure and was potent in the that it did secure it. This view of the need of an effort to cure at one and the same time breadth and exactitude he carried into his teaching of science. This is seen clearly in the mode of teaching biology which he advocated.

The science of biology is split up into several parts. There are beings whose characters lead us to call them animals and others which we call plants, and the differences between the two are many and great. A living being, again, be it plant or animal, on the one hand, presents phenomena of form which have to be studied in a particular way, and so furnish the subject-matter of the science of anatomy or morphology. On the other hand, it presents phenomena of action, of function, which have to be studied in another way, and

which furnish the subject-matter of the science of physiology. Further, every living being may be studied from the point of view of how it came to be, how it is related to other beings, and what part it plays in the general economy of nature. Biology is thus split up into several branches, several more or less independent sciences, and. the man who looks forward to advancing knowledge in any one of them finds, and finds increasingly as knowledge advances, that he must narrow his efforts to one of them, or even to a part, perhaps a small part, of that. And the temptation is natural and strong for the learner to turn to the narrowing early, even perhaps at the beginning, pursuing his narrow path from the outset in ignorance of what is going on around him. Yet these several sciences, these several branches of biology, are not really and wholly independent: they touch each other, here and there, again and again. Hence Huxley-and all of us, I venture to think, will agree that he was rightmaintained that, necessary as it may be for the student to narrow his outlook when he is well on his way, he will work all the more fruitfully, gaining results of all the higher value if, before passing through the straight gate to his ultimate narrow path, he gets to know what other paths there are, what are their features, and whither they lead. Hence he introduced a teaching of biology, in which as many as possible of all kinds of biological problems, and not one kind only, should be presented to the stu-In that way he looked to get a breadth which could not otherwise be Exactitude he trusted to secure at the same time that he was striving for breadth by the method of teaching. Selecting a few themes, and a few only, from the several branches of biology, and these so far as possible of an elementary, fundamental

character, he strove to make the student grasp each of these as fully and as exactly as was within his power. And he taught through the eyes as well as through the ears. The younger generation to-day can perhaps hardly realize to what an extent, thirty or forty years ago, in science teaching, especially in biological teaching, oral exposition and the reading of books still supplied the dominant means of learning. Biological laboratories were then only beginning to be. was from the first insistent that a firm grasp, an exact grip, of the phenomena and laws of nature could only be gained by him who had been led to see the phenomena for himself, and to work out through observations and experiments conducted by himself the problems presented. Arguments, discussions, apt illustrations, lucid exposition, all these were needed to make good the lesson; but they were as so much beating the air, unless they dealt with things which had been really seen and actually handled.

It was not in the teaching of biological science alone that he urged this marriage of breadth with exactitude; he advocated it as the proper mode of training for every kind of career. Begin with a broad basis, with a basis as broad as the mental power of the student can compass, but even in laying down the basis hold fast to exactitude. Breadth without the clearness and firmness which comes from direct sight and exact thought merely breeds mental flabbiness, a treacherous basis to build on. Some minds cannot spread themselves over a large field without losing touch with the exact and the real; don't attempt to stretch such minds too much; in the case of these be content with a basis of smal-Having laid a foundation ler area. as broad as the mind of the learner will allow, a foundation of simple elementary truths, build on this the teach-

ing of higher, more difficult matters. As you ascend you will find that, in order to secure that full comprehension, that exact and clear thought which you aim to secure, the limits of mental power will compel you continually to Be not disheartnarrow the range. ened at this. Knowing that you have the broad basis below, do not fear to narrow the range as you raise tier on tier so long as the demands of exactitude call for it. As you ascend do not spoil the compactness of your product by attempting to put wide, loose wrappings round the solid core. content that the product of your teaching should be a cone, such as may be used as an intellectual missile, penetrating because its point is narrow, effective because its base is broad.

Such, in broad outlines, seem to me to have been Huxley's views as to the right teaching of the professional few. But in this matter of teaching his heart went out, beyond the limited circles of professions, to the great "general many." He put his hand to the work of rightly teaching these also.

Nothing, perhaps, in his whole career is more striking than his coming out in 1870 from the tent of the Professor to take his part in the popular battles of the London School Board. Never. perhaps, was he busier than he was at this time; his hands were full with scientific research and scientific teaching; they were full with scientific administration. Yet he knew that he had something to say about the teaching of the people; he refused to keep for the sect of science that which he felt was meant for mankind. and came forward to take his part in what he believed to be a task of great He did not shrink from enmoment. tering upon that which is, perhaps, in many ways, most foreign to a scientific career, a popular contest; for, though few could appraise more truly than he the value of the thought of the few

who know, none were more ready than he to accept the judgment of the many who feel. And the electors returned to him the confidence which he had placed in them,

He carried into the School Board the same views as to right teaching which had guided him in the academic lecture-room and in the laboratory, though the difference in the subjectmatter and the occasion made a difference in the form in which these were put forward, In the academic lectureroom the professional student is taught in part only; he comes to it already fashioned in part. In the school the child has to be taught wholly and from the beginning; his whole nature is placed in the teacher's hands. Yet the right method of teaching is in both cases at bottom the same. Throughout Huxley's system of professional teaching, which I have attempted to describe, the effort to combine breadth of view with clearness and exactitude of insight, there ran the fundamental idea that the real goal of professional teaching is not to fill the head with stores of knowledge, however accurate, however well adapted for professional use, but to lay the foundations of, and to develop as far as possible, all those qualities which go to make up the effective scientific professional character. And the goal of school teaching which Huxley put before him was the development of the whole nature, the building up of a fit character in the schoolboy or schoolgirl. If in professional teaching it was needful to keep this goal steadily in view, it was, in his eyes, a thousand times more needful to keep it in view at the school in the few, but pregnant, years during which the lad or lass comes under the moulding hands of the teacher. In the school, above all other places, everything should be made subservient to this great end.

The striving for this goal may be-

seen in all Huxley's School Board work. As I shall shortly have occasion to insist, he refused to split up human nature into this and that part-physical, intellectual, moral-to be treated apart in different ways. To him human nature was one and indivisible, to be treated in all its parts according to the same fundamental method. Hence his advocacy of physical training, not as a mere appendage to, but as an essential part of, school work. In the narrower training of the grown-up, or nearly grown-up, biological student he laid no little stress on physical training, the training of the eye, the ear, and the hand; for, the clearer the sight, the sharper the hearing, and the readier the touch, the greater the firmness with which the student can lay hold of the phenomena of nature, the more surely he can gain the basis needed for exactitude of thought and judgment. In the broader training of the growing child, physical training seemed to him to be one of the first of needs, not for the sake only of what some call the body, but for the sake of the whole child.

The same desire to reach character guided him in his selection of subjects to be taught and of methods of school teaching. It seemed to him that the primary object of all teaching of the young must be to awaken the mind, to rouse the attention, to excite the desire to know more. And though he knew that a good teacher has the power to accomplish this, whatever be the subject which he handles, while a bad teacher may fail to do this with any subject, he sought for a basis of early education in the subjects likely of themselves, without taxing the teacher, to interest the scholars and stimulate them to mental effort. These he found in common things, in things with which the children came in touch, things of which they heard, things which they might use in daily life. He

gave what is sometimes called useful knowledge a large share in school life, not simply because it was useful, though this he did not despise, but because it offered the best opportunities for awakening the young mind and at the same time could be so taught as to provide the desired discipline and training of the mind thus awakened.

It was this earnest wish of his to make the school the means of moulding the whole character, and not of developing this or that part of it at the expense of the rest, that led him to take a step which has been much criticized, and, if I may venture to say so, much misunderstood-to advocate the use of the Bible as part of the common school-lessons in the School Board schools. Of nothing was he more sure than this, that that schoolmaster fell short of his high calling who failed to guide his pupils to know the right from the wrong, and to follow the former in everything, not only in reading, writing, and arithmetic, in history, geography, and the other kinds of knowledge which he and they handled, but also and no less so in the treatment of the body and in the conduct of life. The character which the school had to build up could, in his view, be nothing more than a broken fragment, a fragment whose broken edges were dangerous if, in attempting to build it up, the moral phenomena and the moral laws of the universe were wholly left out of sight.

But in seeking for a teaching which should thus build up the whole character he was met by a great difficulty. He himself had long been convinced that the conduct of life might be guided by a morality and inspired by a religion having no part whatever in the theological doctrines of any Church, whether Roman, Anglican, or any other. His own life had been guided by that morality and inspired by that religion. He believed that those who

thought with him on this matter were increasing in numbers everywhere and would in the end become dominant. At the same time he recognized that in the face of the prevailing influence of the several forms of the Christian Church, and in the presence of powerful traditions, inwrought into the very national life, to teach such a morality and such religion in the common school called for teachers possessing convictions which were rare and powers which were still rarer. On the other hand, he recognized in the Bible, ingrained into the lives and dear to the hearts of so many, a most potent instrument for inculcating the moral lessons which he desired to see inculcated and for inspiring the moral aspirations which he desired to see inspired. With its beautiful language and its old associations, it seemed to him a means of awakening the moral sense and pointing out the duty of man, such as he could not find elsewhere, such at least as he could not wisely put on one side.

He was well aware that in it the great moral lessons which he sought to enforce were closely wrapped up in other things, were, indeed, conveyed by means of teachings, many of which he was convinced were erroneous, some of which he held to be mischievous. But he thought that this difficulty was largely met by the decision that the Bible was to be taught in the school in such a way as to be free from dog-And, weighing one thing against the other, he accepted Biblical teaching as what in the language of the world is called a practical compromise. He was the more inclined to this step because he believed and hoped that it was the beginning of other things. He took it for granted that this Biblical teaching would be placed in the hands of laymen, and moulded by the thoughts of laymen. Laymen would, he conceived, be more and more drawn to his

own way of thinking, and out of the teaching which he had helped to institute would be evolved another simpler ethical teaching free from all theological conceptions. He failed to realize that to make the Bible the chosen and sole means of enforcing moral lessons strengthened the ties binding the teaching of moral duties to the acceptance of ideas which he regarded as erroneous, or even mischievous. failed to realize how strongly they who believe the whole Bible to be the word of God, and hold its teachings to be the only guide of life, would resent bits of it being used to enforce moral laws of human invention, while the rest of it was ignored or disparaged.

What he had hoped to be a compromise of peace became, even in his time. and since his death has still more become, like so many other practical compromises, a mother of strife. did not, even in his last days, repent the compromise; since through it, it seemed to him, "twenty years of reasonably good primary education had been secured." But he did not regard it as final. He was forced to admit that the teaching of the duties of life according to natural or, as it is sometimes called, secular knowledge, that which he believed to be the true teaching must stand by itself alone and not attempt to make use of any other kind of teaching. It was clear to him that, so soon as it could be brought about, the State must limit itself to teaching the things which belong to natural knowledge and these only, leaving other bodies to teach other things in their own way, offering to all equal opportunities, but meddling with none and directly favoring none. He avowed his conviction that "the principle of strict secularity in State education is sound and must eventually prevail."

His zeal for education did not stop, however, at children, or at young men

and women; early in life he began to put his shoulder to the wheel in the great task of educating the people, of teaching the great public of all sorts and conditions, high and low, rich and poor, the main truths which in his opinion ought to guide them in the conduct of life; and as the years went on the call to fulfil this task seemed to him more and more urgent. He passed from the chair of the professor to the pulpit of the preacher, and in the later years of his life gave himself up almost wholly to the issue of writings which he himself acknowledged to be of the kind which men call sermons. Any attempt to describe Huxley's influence on his fellows and his place in the world which did not give ample room for the consideration of this side of his life and this direction of his labors would be a wholly vain one.

Following out his favorite analogy of a machine, he recognized in man, on the one hand, a moving power, or rather moving powers, and, on the other hand, directive agencies by which the movements set going by the power, in other words, the acts of man, are shaped so as to accomplish this and Early in life he had come that end. to the conclusion that these directive agencies were to be found in knowledge, in natural knowledge, and in this alone. He was convinced that the true conduct of life was that which was in accordance with the laws of nature, and that a knowledge of those laws could alone supply a judgment, the more trustworthy the fuller the knowledge, whether this or that act was in accord with those laws or not, and so whether it was right or wrong. when he spoke of "right" and "wrong," he meant every kind of right, and every kind of wrong.

His studies in biology had made it clear to him that man must be looked upon as a whole; that in respect to none of his acts, whatever be

their kind, can man's nature be divided into two halves, in such a way that the one half is to be considered as wholly unlike the other half, to be viewed from a wholly different point of view and to be treated in a wholly different way. Without attempting to say what body was, or what mind was, he insisted that the two were so wed together that no one in dealing with them could put them apart and treat each as if it stood alone. He found it freely admitted that the conduct of man's stomach. however much it had been in earlier times, and indeed still was, governed by the impulses of appetite, and by the results of rough experience embodied in custom and authority, was being more and more subjected to rules based on a still imperfect but rapidly growing knowledge of physiological laws. He noted that whenever any question arose as to what the stomach should be allowed, or be made to do, the final appeal was to physiology, and to this alone, the health and happiness of the stomach being sought for in obedience to physiological laws, and in this alone. And what was true for part of man he claimed to be true for the whole of Man's whole nature, and not simply this or that part of it, was subject to natural laws; and the welfare of the whole, no less than of each part, was to be sought in obedience to these As the path to so-called physical health lay in the strenuous search after physiological laws, and in obeying them when found, so the path to moral and social health lay in a like search after ethical and social laws and in a like obedience to them when found. He met with no one who contended that because at the present day our knowledge of physiological laws is fragmentary and halting it is to be set aside as of no avail for the conduct of life in its physical aspects; on the contrary, he met everywhere with urgent

demands for vigorous research, prompted by the sure conviction that a fuller knowledge would bring to us the means of securing a more wholesome physical life. And he argued that the fact of our knowledge of ethical and social laws being still more fragmentary and halting than our knowledge of physiological laws-so fragmentary and so halting, indeed, that the ethical and social knowledge of to-day might be compared with the physiological knowledge of centuries ago-was no valid argument for refusing to accept that knowledge as the ultimate guide in the conduct of life. On the contrary, it seemed to him that this constituted the very reason why the most strenuous efforts should be made to advance that knowledge as rapidly as may be.

Natural knowledge was, he maintained, the one and the same guide, the only sure guide in the quest after both physical and moral welfare. The address "On Improving Natural Knowledge," which was delivered nearly half a century ago, in 1866, and which comes first in the first volume of his collected Addresses and Essays, and is the key to all which follow, sets forth in telling words his conviction that what began as a search into things physical has become a search into things spiritual, and that the value of natural knowledge lies not so much in the mastery which it has given over the forces which determine the welfare of the body (valuable as that mastery may be) as in the mastery which it promises over the forces which determine the welfare of man as a whole. Natural knowledge was, he said, "a real mother of mankind, bringing them up with kindness, and, if need be, with sternness in the way they should go, and instructing them in all things needed for their welfare."

The improvement of natural knowledge, whatever direction it has taken

and however low the aims of those who may have commenced it, has not only conferred practical benents on men, but in so doing has effected a revolution in their conceptions of the universe and of themselves, and has profoundly altered their modes of thinking and their views of right and wrong. I say that natural knowledge, seeking to satisfy natural wants, has found the ideas which can alone still spiritual cravings. I say that natural knowledge, in desiring to ascertain the laws of comfort, has been driven to discover those of conduct, and to lay . the foundation of a new morality.

Natural knowledge, moreover, gave man, in his opinion, not only directive agencies, but also moving powers for the conduct of life. It not only laid bare the laws according to which man must walk, but also, rightly grasped, raised up visions which awakened or which strengthened the emotions and affections needed to bear man up in his efforts so to walk, following right and shunning wrong. Love of good, hatred of evil, feelings of awe and reverence, such as must ever arise when man tries to pierce below the surface of things, yearnings for and strivings. towards a goal of ideal perfection. nearness to which is the true measure of real happiness-these seemed to him the heart of every true religion whatever might be its doctrinal wrappings. Of all these he believed natural knowledge to be, and in the struggles of hisown life had found it to be, a true, potent, and yet simple nurse.

He knew that in this view of the work and power of natural knowledge he was looking ahead; he was awarehow little had as yet been achieved in the improvement of natural knowledge, how much had yet to be done before that which it promised could be accomplished. But the way to effective truth had been entered upon, time and labor only were needed for the rest. Filled as he was with this dominant

conviction of the higher power of natural knowledge and of the crying need for the advance of that knowledge, it is no wonder that he felt, and felt strongly, that every hindrance of man's own making to that advance was a hindrance to man's social and moral progress, and told against man's highest welfare. It was this feeling which brought him into conflict with what I may here venture to speak of collectively as the Church. And no true conception of Huxley's life can be gained unless his attitude in this respect be clearly understood.

He distinguished in the work of the Church between the moving power and the directive agencies. The moving power may be found in the words, love and fear of God, hope and dread of the life to come. The dominant emotion indicated by the words love and fear of God seemed to him, when carefully examined, to be in essence identical with the dominant emotion which he recognized as the moving power making for man's welfare, which had been the moving power of his own life, which had been his religion, and which he spoke of as love of good and of truth and fear of evil and of lies. Whether the good and the true were presented in a personal form, or not so presented, seemed to him to make no real difference in the nature of the emotion itself; and if, on the one hand, it might seem that the emotion was intensified when sustained by a personal conception, on the other hand it might be regarded as more durable and constant when it stood alone and was not in any way contingent on intellectual conceptions, Moreover, so it seemed to him at least, as man's knowledge grew more and more, there would come a growing potency of that other accompanying emotion of awe and reverence which springs from the increasing recognition of the mystery of the unknown for ever lying beyond the

farthermost margin of the expanding known.

Towards the other moving power of the Church, the hope and dread of the life to come, his attitude was very These words signified, not different. as did the words love of God, a native emotion shaped, not created, by intellectual conceptions, but an adventitious emotion whose very birth was due to conceptions in which natural knowledge was more or less involved. him natural knowledge brought no proof, and could bring no proof, of a life hereafter; this could neither affirm nor deny that man lived after death. He fully recognized the great part played in the conduct of life by the hope of reward and the dread of punishment; but in the conduct of life according to natural knowledge both the hope and the dread must have natural knowledge as their base; the sequence of the reward or of the punishment upon the deed must be within the reach of proof, otherwise neither the one nor the other could be of avail. The hope and the dread which did not rest on proof seemed to him a broken reed not to be trusted.

Deep, however, as was his conviction that the hope of future reward and the fear of future punishment having no assured basis of certain knowledge, could not be used as the main motive power in the conduct of life without in the end doing harm, strongly as he felt that to go further and put these forward as the necessary and indispensable instruments in the moral government of the world was, as he said in a letter to Charles Kingsley, "a mischievous lie," this was not the mainspring of that continued active opposition to the Church which is displayed in so many especially of his later writings. That opposition was engendered not so much by the kind of moving power put forward by the Church as by the directive agencies

through which the Church strove to make that moving power effective for the conduct of life.

He, as I have said, had early come to the conviction that since the conduct of life, of moral as well as physical life, must be guided by obedience to the laws of nature and by this alone, the welfare of mankind hung upon the continued progress of natural knc wledge, through which man learnt the laws which he must obey and saw his way before him. But it seemed to him that the Church in every one of its particular forms, in framing rules for the conduct of life, now to a greater, now to a lesser degree, had made in the past, was making in the present, and would make in the future, use of an appeal to a something which, under the name of authority, inspiration, revelation, was not only no part of natural knowledge, but gave rise to teachings which might be, and often were, in direct contradiction to the teachings of natural knowledge. He further found that when such contradiction came to hand the Church demanded that natural knowledge should give way. This was the origin of the active opposition of which I am speaking. Quite early in his career, while his name was as yet but little known outside the narrow circle of men of science, he was brought face to face with this attitude of the Church by the way in which so many voices of the Church received the views put forward by Charles Darwin in his Origin of Spe-The reception which that book met with entered like iron into Huxley's soul; he never forgot it. up by it, he was swept away from the quiet retirement of scientific inquiry, the results of which could not reach the larger world until after many days and then mainly through the mouths of divers interpreters; he was carried forth into the market-place to speak directly to the people and be-

come before them the untiring, fearless champion of the claims of natural knowledge. It shaped the whole of the rest of his life. Henceforward he to a large extent deserted scientific research and forsook the joys which it might bring to himself, in order that he might secure for others that full freedom of inquiry which is the necessary condition for the advance of natural knowledge. Here was a book which, with a quietness born of the consciousness of strength, made known the conclusions to which the author. working wholly within the bounds of natural knowledge, had been led while he during long years patiently gathered observations and as patiently meditated during long years on what those observations meant. Every line in the book dealt with natural knowledge and with natural knowledge alone; the whole of it appealed to natural knowledge as the only judge of the validity of its conclusions. By the light of natural knowledge Huxley himself tried the book, and, though aware of what was missing in this part or that, accepted the main contention as proved, and in accepting it threw aside views to which at an earlier period he had been led. trying the book also by the light of natural knowledge, found it in their opinion wanting. With these Huxley could not agree; but, though their arguments seemed to him lacking in force, he could not otherwise find fault with their attitude.

With those voices of the Church of which I have spoken, it was different. These, so it seemed to Huxley, rejected the conclusions of the book, not because they were not according to natural knowledge, but because they were, or appeared to be, in contradiction to what was, or what appeared to be, the teaching of the Church. This, he thought, was the real reason of the opposition which so many

of the Church offered to Charles Darwin's views; such opponents might arm themselves with arguments drawn from natural knowledge, but the real fight which they were fighting was, in his opinion, one against the validity of natural knowledge itself when in conflict with the authority of the Church.

To this conflict Huxley girded himself with all his might on the side of natural knowledge. To understand his attitude it must be remembered how strong, as I have already said, was his conviction that natural knowledge and natural knowledge alone is to be trusted as the ultimate guide of man in the conduct of life. The efficacy of the guidance must be measured by the fulness of the knowledge; and Huxley's knowledge was great enough to make him see how imperfect was natural knowledge in its present stage when called upon to rule the conduct of even physical life, and how infinitely more imperfect when appealed to as a guide of conduct of moral, social life. welfare of mankind was, in his eyes, indissolubly bound up with the advance, the steady, nay, the rapid advance of natural knowledge. Any hindrance to that advance was, to his mind, a wrong to mankind. What hindrance could be more hurtful than the contention that natural knowledge was not master of its own domain, but must bow its head and keep silence when even in its own field it came into conflict with the master of another land? The call to strive for the doing away of that hindrance rang loud in Huxley's ears.

It was in his view of some importance, it was perhaps of great importance, that Charles Darwin's conclusions should be generally accepted as solid contributions to natural knowledge, in order to increase their fruitfulness for the further advance of that knowledge; and we to-day can

recognize how fruitful they have proved. Still more important was it in his opinion that these conclusions should be judged as to their validity by an appeal to natural knowledge, and to that alone, and not by an appeal to another tribunal. The reception of Charles Darwin's book was to him only an instance, was only one of many signs, of an abiding antagonism. The same thing had happened again and again in the past, it must be looked for again and again in the future; the fight will always be going on. attitude was not changed on hearing other voices of the Church declare that the origin of species, including that of the human species, by selection, was not destructive to the teaching of the Church, but, on the contrary, was in accordance with it, and indeed had in a way been anticipated by it. He was glad that one cause of quarrel was out of the way; but he felt that even with these voices the potential cause of quarrel still held its ground. They now approved of Darwin's views; but would they approve of the next great result gained by some student of natural knowledge in even the near future should this seem to them to conflict with the teaching of the Church? If they found that it did conflict, would not they also then join in denouncing it? He had no doubt but what they He was convinced that the would. antagonism was a fundamental one. It was one moreover which he seemed to meet with everywhere.

I had set out [says he] on a journey with no other purpose than that of exploring a certain province of natural knowledge; I strayed no hair's breadth from the course which it was my right and my duty to pursue; and yet I found that, whatever route I took, before long I came to a tall and formidable-looking fence. . . . The only alternatives were either to give up my journey—which I was not minded to do—

or to break the fence down and go through it.1

And especially during the latter years of his life he set himself vigorously to the task of breaking down fences.

The Church, he said to himself, whenever it sees fit, opposes natural knowledge; in the service of my sovereign lord, natural knowledge, it is my duty to oppose the Church. I am not going out of my way in doing this; it lies straight before me in my path. He went on the way which he had set before him, well knowing that in so doing he gave great offence. To many a quiet Christian heart he brought much pain, handling, as he did, themes which to them were indissolubly joined to their inmost feelings of reverence, with the free manner of a fighter who flashes in his sword wherever he sees an opening to do his opponent harm, To those who blame him for this the reply may be given that the greater the reverence resting on what he was convinced was a false foundation, the more pressing seemed to him the duty to show the falseness of the foundation in the clearest, most direct way, such as could be understood by all. Moreover. the manner in which he used his weapons in this matter was in no wise different from his usual manner on other He was by temperament occasions. "ever a fighter"; in his combats within the realms of natural knowledge, and these were not a few, he hit quick and he hit hard, for such was his way of fighting.

Many of his friends, who, like him, put their trust in natural knowledge, reproached him with spending his strength in warfare of such a kind. The surest way to make natural knowledge prevail, they said, is to extend its boundaries; as it advances other things must give way before it. Was it not a misdirection of energy that he

He thought otherwise. He was convinced, and increasingly convinced as years went on, that natural knowledge could not go on to that fuller development which was needed to make it accepted as the true guide in the whole conduct of life, so long as men in general still believed that as regards parts of that conduct the only true guide was to be found in the teachings of the Church and in these alone. no doubt whatever that for the adequate progress of natural knowledge some one must be bold enough to stand up against the Church whenever it said to natural knowledge, "thus far but no farther," bold enough to show the world that the Church's claim to dictate to natural knowledge broke down when it was tried without fear and without prejudice. Seeing none other bold enough, he took the task upon himself. Whether he was right or wrong, the world must judge.

He is gone; but the conflict, in which so much of his life was spent, still remains with us. Among the followers of natural knowledge, both the workers and they who only know its ways, there are and always will be they who hold that natural knowledge is not merely a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, a provider of physical health and material benefits, but beyond that the only sure guide to moral health and spiritual well-being, who hold that

who in past years had shown such power and done so much to drive farther and farther off the line which parts the known from the unknown, should spend time and labor in controversies which in themselves brought no clear advancement of natural knowledge, and in conducting which he could make little use of that wealth of natural knowledge which he already possessed, and had, with tireless labor, to seek the arguments which he used in unaccustomed antiquarian and linguistic studies?

^{1 &}quot;Col'ected Essays," V., Pref. p. vii.

man can only safely direct his steps by frank obedience to the known laws of nature, the more safely the better and the more fully these laws are known. Such are well aware that the always increasing, but ever limited known is wrapped round on all sides with a boundless unknown. Peering from time to time into that dark unknown they may people its depths with fancies; but they leave those fancies there

when they turn back to their daily task in the clear light of the known. Yet the feelings of wonder and awe with which that vast unknown must always fill them will abide with them, chastening and humbling them, ennobling their daily task and fitting them the better to perform it. Borne up by such feelings Huxley lived and worked.

Michael Foster.

The National Review.

THE WEIRD WOMAN.

In North Wales, about a mile from a noted old castle, and on the estuary of a river whose banks are described in the guide-books as rivalling the Rhine in beauty, stands a dull-looking boarding-house. It has a northern aspect, and faces the river, which may be, according to the time of day, a shining flood or a bed of mud and sand. On the opposite bank is a busy wharf and the landing stage of the river steamers; then comes the line of the railway and the dwindled end of a Welsh fisher-village, behind which rises a low range of hills. main part of the houses are built further down the estuary towards the west and the open sea.

In this village, in one of the houses built on a loop of land in front of the railway, and looking towards the open sea, "Aunt Janet" was stealing a few days' rest and refreshment from her practical and intellectual labors in London. To her the boarding-house, on the opposite shore, appeared simply as part of a patch of building that might be seen if one looked up instead of down the river.

From the garden of the boardinghouse, the most conspicuous object for the eye to rest upon was the church of the fisher-village, standing on the side of a hill. It was a building whose solid tower had the air of having been irregularly piled up from the mud of the river and afterwards shaped hastily with the spade, and finally finished off by a cheap tin extinguisher in default either of energy to conclude the tower, or of sufficient material.

Mrs. Roland Flemyng, gazing upon it from the terrace of the boarding-house with her beautiful abstracted eyes, wondered why the church carried her back irresistibly to the days of childhood and a sand-spade and bucket,

Behind the boarding-house rose a beautiful typical Welsh hill, one of the range that brings the river up to that point of the picturesque alluded to in the guide-books; while on the foreground of the scenery, which is exquisite right up to the hill's summit, stretched green flats and sandy links. The flats are covered with wild flowers; and there, and on the links, the wheat-ear and the ring-plover and the tern call and play.

The poetry of this scene was lost to the inhabitant of the boardinghouse, and reserved to the eyes of dwellers in the fisher-village on the opposite shore:—to "Aunt Janet," for example, who, from the bow-window of the lodging-house, learned by heart the lights and colors of the sky, the hill-side, and the flats, and learned also the various music of the river as it flowed by in place of a street, and the fisher-life of song, sport, and work, that went with it.

The boarding-house where Mrs. Roland Flemyng and her husband the M.P. stayed, was far more fashionable and commodious and much more than the lodging-house expensive in the fisher-village. The means of communication between shore and shore were the boats of the fishers, and a row over the bounding shining flood with the breeze and salt of the sea in one's face. "Aunt Janet" was well known to the fishers, who took her across for twopence and back again when she returned from a ramble over the hill.

"Aunt Janet" was known to her lawyer as Miss Janet Westerton. In his office was a tin box bearing her name: inside the box were various papers and documents dealing with her affairs. It was this tin box which made her an interesting personage to the lawyer. As a matter of fact, nothing surprised "Aunt Janet" so much as the respect and attention shown her in the lawyer's office; she arrived at the conclusion that her lawyer was a man of exceptional good manners and of extraordinary kindliness of heart.

"Aunt Janet's" own heart was deep and long-suffering, and her estimate of herself ludicrously humble and not to be shaken by flattery. On the other hand, her appreciation of others was inclined to be extravagantly high and was as firmly rooted. She existed in the lawyer's mind as a plain, simple-looking woman who had long left fifty behind, who had astonishingly clear ideas of what she intended to do with

life, and who possessed thirty thousand pounds in her own right.

Nothing would have more amazed "Aunt Janet's" relations than information concerning the lawyer and the thirty thousand pounds he managednot for her but under her direction. The truth is, she kept the fact of her wealth a secret, and this was the more easily done in that no one, for a moment, would have associated her appearance or style of living with an endowment of even a quarter the amount. In part, natural secretiveness prompted her reticence; but primarily, having measured her own physical and social endowments with a philosophic eye, she had concluded that they did not lend themselves to an existence of display or a wealthy demeanor, and that knowledge of her substantial income in the general world might prove embarrassing and lead her into giddy situations. Accordingly she had planned her life after her own vein and had kept to it with unvarying consistency, for a number of years.

It was of assistance in the matter that no one-save her lawyer-took inconvenient interest in her doings; her days rippled along in a little independent stream whose music, mournful or joyous, was not caught by many. "Aunt Janet's" relations, for example knew nothing about her life, which was vaguely sketched in their minds as an existence of shabby economies and scarcely perceptible benevolence. They were all, however, very tolerant of the humble little woman, and very kindly in their patronage. The Westertons were, taken all in all, a wellto-do, energetic family, who possessed the attributes of the successful English.

"Aunt Janet's" fortune had not come by inheritance, or, it may be inferred, the attitude of her relations would have been different. The money had been presented, as a gift, by an exceed-

ingly wealthy and childless old lady of eccentric mind and ferocious temper, to whom "Aunt Janet" had clung in unselfish and inexpectant friendship through years of disparaging comment. The gift had come before the old lady's death, and the discrepancy between the estimate of the tongue and the estimate testified to by this startling donation had not ceased to be a source of amazement. When the blow fellfor the destruction of her preconceived notions as to the regard in which her friend held her was of the nature of a blow-"Aunt Janet" was silent for three whole days and nights, neither sleeping nor eating the while, nerves having recovered the disturbance, she returned to her accustomed demeanor, mentioned the matter to no one (save to the old lady's lawyer who undertook her business), and sedulously nursed her friend until death came, when she mourned her copiously and sincerely, and put on black.

The Westerton family concluded that the deceased lady must have purchased an annuity, of perhaps one hundred and fifty per annum, for "Aunt Janet," since she continued the independent course adopted when first she went to live with her friend—"as paid companion" they had opined.

Under this misconception and their careless patronage, "Aunt Janet" had grown old and had kept the secret of her wealth.

That is, she had kept her secret and ceased to be young. In appearance she altered so little that the change was comparable rather to a slow and gradual shrinkage, than anything else. She put on none of the mellow beauties of old age, of the sombre dignity and interest which may be compared to the splendors of an old ship coming into port. That was not "Aunt Janet" at all. She just shrivelled by degrees from youth to her fifty-eighth year, when her appearance was in detail on

this wise:-She was short and slightly out of the perpendicular in figure, inclining a little to one side; she wore her faded hair strained tightly from the forehead and fastened at the back of her head in a knot which curiously combined hardness and hairpins with loose ends and bits. Her eyes, large and prominent, were without perceptible eyebrows and lashes, and had a somewhat anxious short-sighted stare; her nose was a curious little hook and, under her small mouth, a small chin fell away indefinitely into her throat. As for her dress, it was, on all points, convenience that she consulted; her mind moved slowly concerning fash-She had never been able to overtake the modes of even five years ago, but still hurried confusedly after those of the last decade. It was a habit of hers to save trouble and give freedom to her hands by hanging things around her waist: a small reticule, one or two spectacle cases, a pair of scissors, a penknife, and a steel purse were the chief items the eye might gather in a flash; she wore substantial easy boots with thick soles, and walked hurriedly as though intent upon catching an express train, and her skirts were drawn up to leave her ankles free by a mysterious system of pulleys invented by herself, or remembered from the middle ages when crinolines were worn. Finally, when the sun shone, she defended her sight by blue spectacles.

Mrs. Roland Flemyng, who sat on the terrace of the boarding-house that hot afternoon in July, had, strictly speaking, no idea of the existence of "Aust Janet." Her mind for the moment was vaguely occupied by the odd-looking church over the river, and by the chat of a slim girl in her teens who was confiding the contents of a bright restless little mind to her mother.

Mrs. Flemyng had more than a little mind. A dim discontent with her own marriage, which had, however, brought

her the consolation of two exquisitely pretty daughters, had driven her into a semi-public life. She had gifts of organization and great practical sagacity; and, being of a nobly public-spirited nature, had thrown her enthusiasms into forms of sound benevolence. The name of Mrs. Roland Flemyng carried weight and was known, not only in London, but in the provinces. beauty and distinction of her appearance, together with her connection with good families, made her a leader in the best London society, while her original ideas and the successful organization of her schemes made her a personage in the eyes of some of the first minds in the metropolis. The opinion of Mrs. Flemyng began-had long begun-to count; more than one of the Cabinet Ministers frequented her drawing-room and discussed social reform with her; eminently she was "in the know." She was wise enough, however, not to abide by hearsay, but studied questions of social reform assiduously and had even attended lectures at the London School of Economics, regretting that her social ties prevented her from taking up a course of genuine study there.

"However," Mrs. Flemyng had been heard to say on more than one occasion, "not one of the ministers, nor one of the distinguished lecturers at the School of Economics, has given me sounder practical advice on one or two points, than a certain mysterious correspondent of mine who signs 'J. W.,' and who contributes not only advice, but most generous and regular pecuni-'J. W.' and I have ary assistance. been friends on paper for years; and yet I have never seen, nor can I find out even so much as the sex of my friend."

"J. W." had become a recognized personage, or rather a disembodied power, in Mrs. Flemyng's distinguished circle. The opinions of "J. W." were quoted and discussed. The truth is that

"Aunt Janet" had worked for years amongst sections of the poor and had wrested from the field of her labors a certain practical knowledge of needs and of remedies, and the kind of experience which is invaluable to the legislator. One of her suggestions, made in writing to Mrs. Flemyng, struck the mind of a minister as being inspired by such a genius of commonsense that he resolved to adopt the idea by cleverly slipping it into a clause of a Bill he was preparing for the House.

"I should very much like to meet your correspondent," said he to Mrs. Flemyng, "and have some conversation upon one or two points."

The minister was so anxious to discuss the subject with "J. W." that he commissioned Mr. Flemyng, M.P., to obtain the desired interview, and Mr. Flemyng, being particularly desirous to please in that quarter, did his best with "J. W.'s" lawyer.

But "Aunt Janet" was by no means to be drawn.

It was not love of mystery nor romance that kept her in seclusion; it was quiet self-knowledge. She knew how unconvincing, how worse than ineffective, were her appearance and bearing, and saw that her power for good would expire did she add bodily presence to her excellent thoughts. As for personal ambition, she had none; but had, however, her romance.

The romance centred about a commonplace enough object; good looks, "Aunt Janet's" own great need, were the basis of it. No one knew much about this romance; it was simply acknowledged in the Westerton family that "poor Aunt Janet" had her favorite nephew. No one guessed how the heart, condemned to love in masses and habitually to expend tenderness in anonymous benevolence, dreamed over and idolized the second son of her elder brother; her simple mind en-

dowed the lad with all the graces and with all the virtues of a "hero;" a smile and a caress from him would lift her days to the level of genuine happiness. As a rule, "Aunt Janet" did not aspire to be happy.

Bob Westerton was a kindly young fellow and repaid "Aunt Janet's" devotion in a few minor ways; but he did not possess those attributes with which she lavishly endowed him.

It was interesting that at the back of Mrs, Flemyng's mind lay some serious apprehensions connected with "Aunt Janet's" idolized nephew, this hot July afternoon.

Besides the slim girl who chatted with her, three other persons stood at a little distance from her chair; they were busily engaged in mending a puncture in the tyre of a bicycle. That is to say, Mr. Roland Flemyng, M.P., was busy; the other two looked on. Mr. Flemyng was a tall, thin, light-colored gentleman of more than middle age; he was considered by his political party to be invaluable, because he always voted with it, was never known to advance irregular or inconvenient opinions, and was silent in the House. Curiously enough, out of the House and in his home, Mr. Flemyng displayed himself as a man of fussy habits; hence it was he who busied himself with the tyre under the conviction that no one could do it better than The bicycle was held by the himself. owner, an exquisitely pretty girl of twenty, who was the elder daughter of the Flemyngs, and whose name was Lucy. Near by was a tall, well-set-up youth wearing a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers in rough russet-colored tweed, which contrasted well with his dark hair and moustache and sunburnt skin; he respectfully contemplated Mr. Flemyng's manipulations with the air-The young man had well-cut features of a handsome type and something in his bearing suggested the soldier; with that face he really might have done and been anything. As a matter of fact, his utmost achievement was a third-class at Cambridge and a successful Alpine climb; this he had followed up by falling in love with the elder daughter of the wealthy aristocratic Flemyngs, whom he met abroad.

The situation was therefore critical, Bob Westerton recognized his and predicament. His father, "Aunt Janet's" eldest brother, though well-to-do, was by no means wealthy, and there were several brothers and sisters. The young men were expected to win their own way in the world; Mr. Westerton presented them with a good education and then looked for them to stand alone. Bob's education had been, perhaps, above the material it worked upon; and when the result was a thirdclass some testy words escaped his fa-And now the lad was brought by the lessons of love to realize his position; he was twenty-four, had neither trade, profession, nor money, and had nothing to offer the beautiful daughter of wealthy parents, save his own handsome person. The situation madehis cheek burn and his heart alternately lift itself up on resolve and sink down with despair. The serious under-current of Mrs. Flemyng's idle thoughts happened in this moment toforce itself to the surface. She glanced towards the group about the bicycle uneasily, frowned slightly, and spoke.

"My dear Rosie," said she to the younger of her girls, "of course I see what is happening. I am afraid the beaux yeux of Bob Westerton are not sufficient recommendation. I am sorry he followed us here. I don't approve. There is nothing against the young man, I daresay; but we have no evidence as to his connections and prospects. I must speak to your father."

The terrace of the boarding-house was separated from the road only by a low wall and an irregular planting of shrubs. Any pedestrian, weary of the dust of the highway, could refresh his eyes by a sight of the cool and leisured elegance of the Flemyng party.

At a given moment, Bob's glance turned by chance upon the road; and he discerned, coming along it, at no great distance, a figure whose familiarity, caused his heart to sink miserably in his breast. It was "Aunt Janet" whom he perceived. She was walking in her usual trotting haste, but her steps were fatigued, and she suffered from the heat. She had climbed the hill behind the boardinghouse, and was now on her way to that point of the river from whence the ferryman would convey her to the opposite shore. She was indeed terribly tired; the walk was an actual feat for one of her age, and the most fatiguing and wearisome part was this long stretch of dusty level road before reaching the sandy flats and the river. Advancing with her head pushed forward, her crazy old hat on one side, her knot of hair more disarranged than usual, her cheeks unduly flushed, and her eyes covered by the blue glasses, she suddenly caught sight of the group on the green terrace. And then her old heart gave a bound. That was Bob who stood before her, her idolized Bob! She recognized him in a kind of ecstasy, and stopped almost dead.

In that second, a tumult of thoughts rushed through Bob's mind.

"Rosie, do look at that weird woman near the gate!"

Mrs. Flemyng's voice was hardly raised; the words did not and could not possibly reach "Aunt Janet's" ear; but some malice carried them to Bob's.

Now, concerning his relations, Bob had been candid, even diffuse. From his own point of view there was no reason why he should not be so; but he had had no opportunity of introduc-

ing any of them to the Flemyngs. When he thought or spoke of his relatives, he referred with pardonable pride to his handsome brothers and sisters, his gentlemanly father, his successful uncle Edward, that far-off cousin whose achievements had won him a title, and so on and so on. Westerton family were clearly men of parts. The personage Bob did not think of, and did not refer to, was "poor little Aunt Janet" and her eccentricities. And yet, out of all his relations, here it was "Aunt Janet" who appeared at the gate-"Aunt Janet" in one of her worst moments as to dress and appearance. She had stopped and was waiting humbly for his recognition! He did not want to be brutal, but what could be expected of him? Must he ruin his trembling chance by bringing in the exhausted, dishevelled little woman to introduce as his father's sister? No! he could not do that. Naturally they would make inferences from "Aunt Janet" to the rest of his relatives-which would be manifestly untrue and unjust. Therefore, he cursed his ill-fate, and kept his eyes stolidly on the air-pump and hoped against hope that "Aunt Janet" would move on. By this time the motionless staring figure had attracted general attention. Mr. Flemyng for example looked up.

"What an odd person! Does she want anything?" he remarked.

Then Lucy turned and frankly gave back stare for stare—which was excusable seeing how the blue spectacles were fixed.

"Do look!" whispered she to Bob, who was now engrossed in examining the oil valve of the wheel.

"I beg pardon?" said he, as though he had not caught her words.

Out of the tail of his eye, he became conscious of two things: "Aunt Janet" had taken of her blue spectacles and was slowly moving on behind the wall. "There! Look! Behind the shrubs! Such a weird woman!"

Bob turned sharply and glanced past Mrs. Flemyng in the wrong direction towards the sandy links. Meanwhile "Aunt Janet" went on by the wall very slowly; having removed her glasses she could see everything though she could not catch any words. She crept past, gazing her fill at the group. Mrs. Flemyng stretched up in her chair to look at the figure with an inquiring and not unkindly amusement in her face. "Aunt Janet" looked right into her eyes. And this was the single occasion when Mrs. Roland Flemyng consciously met the gaze of her admired "J. W."

Quite suddenly, the weird woman removed her eyes from the beautiful inquiring face, and walked off with despatch, the reticule, spectacles, and other things swinging at her waist. And then the color returned to Bob's white face.

"How stupid you are!" said Lucy. "You've missed her. She has gone on."

By this time, Bob was standing up bravely and looking after the funny trotting figure at which he laughed uneasily. But it was something else he looked at besides "Aunt Janet." was staring with a vague sense of pained surprise at his own deed. From whence do these sudden shameless or cowardly acts spring into being? from what depths of a respectable, goodseeming heart? Lucy's kind eyes were upon Bob's broad admired shoulders which seemed shaped for handsome deeds, but Bob, at the moment, was despising himself as a poor sort of sneak and was ashamed to look into Lucy's face. However, the danger At some future time he was past. would explain to "Aunt Janet," though he felt the job had difficulties and might be a tough one. Little did he dream that the Angel of Help had waited at the gate, and that nothing would have enhanced his position so well with the Flemyngs as an introduction to his little old Aunt.

When "Aunt Janet" had passed the boarding-house, she did not replace the blue spectacles; there was no occasion; her eyes were dim enough and her legs shook so that she could hardly drag them along. The most extraordinary pain oppressed her heart. Even she, who took so little notice of her own sensations, could not fail to remark that. For the first time since she came to the lovely restful village, she found the row across the river wearisome, and when she had hidden herself in the recesses of the little lodging-house, she sat down by the open window in order to-well! take herself in hand so that the sharp pain in her heart might not overflow in weeping too violent. Never before had she been brought to plunge so deeply into that loneliness which is the portion of a loving heart when it belongs to an unattractive, childless woman. erto her romantic attachment to her nephew had kept a little fire aglow upon her hearth; he had often been kindly, she inferred some reciprocal attachment.

"And that was very foolish of me," said she to herself.

Then she endeavored to occupy herself as had been her wont with the moving panorama of the river and its boats past her window. The attempt vain. Even natural beauty ceased to soothe and please. A coldness had fallen on her heart and upon her whole life. It was extraordinary how the zest emptied itself from her schemes and charities; to love masses seemed all at once too big a task; old age came suddenly upon her; for the first time her energy flagged and she complained of life and fate.

It was not Bob she blamed, far from it; she understood Bob. What she

blamed was her lifelong inability to conquer her own ineffectiveness. The identity of Mrs. Roland Flemyng was perfectly well known to her, seeing she had heard her speak time after time in London; she was equally well aware of her wealth and position. That Bob, with his gifts and handsome person, should walk into first-rate society straight from his Cambridge career [this she persisted in regarding as successful] seemed only natural and was matter for sincere rejoicing. But that her personality should be such as to hinder his advance, as to make it necessary for him to adopt strenuous measures to be rid of the importunity of an inconvenient old aunt, channelled the joy through dark ways. To add to her bewildered pain was the reflection that it was upon her own ground the bitter experience had met her. For Mrs. Roland Flemyng was her own ground; the two, who had never spoken to one another, were united by a common work undertaken in a common spirit, and by an intimate understanding born from that work and a friendship carried on for years by corre-"Aunt Janet" adored in spondence. Mrs. Flemyng those gifts she herself lacked; she was too humble, too deeply affectionate to be jealous, but the idea that Mrs. Flemyng could win from her beloved nephew something he had found it impossible to bestow on his Aunt caused her strange, incomprehensible pangs.

"To him that hath shall be given," said she, pacing the little sitting-room which so far had been an abode of peaceful thought.

"From him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath," she continued.

And then she stood still to blame her own inadequacy.

There was a mirror in the room—a big mirror in a gilt frame. "Aunt Janet" was too short to catch more

than the reflection of her face when she stared critically into it: but she was accustomed to see her own face in the glass, and the perusal of her features did not excite the biting judgment she expected; therefore, she withdrew, glanced timidly, shamefacedly about the room, and finally secured her solitude by locking the door. she brought the table forward, cleared the ornaments from the mantel-shelf, and, mounting the table with considerable deftness, stood upon tip-toe so as to secure as full a view as possible of her own form. Never before had she been thus preoccupied by her person; now she intended to examine it as with the eyes of another. The moment was in its way tragical. coming in she had not changed either skirt or boots, nor had she removed the curious assortment of useful articles suspended from her waist; moreover, she had wept with her hat on and with her hair dishevelled. And now, to be severely accurate in her judgment, she drew up her already short skirt by the convenient pulleys; after which she threw an anxious glance at the mirror. One sufficed. The wisdom of her retired anonymity was jus-She stepped down from her perch and laughed a little.

"I forgive Bob-heartily!" said she.

Nevertheless her hands trembled as she replaced the ornaments as noise-lessly as possible on the mantel-shelf. In her heart she wished—the wish was a yearning ache—that Bob had acted otherwise. A glimpse of those intangible large and lasting rewards which follow—deny it who can?—when narrow expediency is exchanged for deeds of selfless charity flashed through her mind. Would that Bob could win in himself such rewards!

The actual torment was not, however, over. As luck would have it, the Flemyng party, with Bob in attenddance, crossed the river next day and selected the very walk "Aunt Janet" had taken in order to avoid them.

"The Weird Woman!" whispered Lucy in Bob's ear when she beheld the little lady advancing.

"Dear me!" said Mrs, Flemyng, "there is that weird little creature again. Who can she be?"

"Aunt Janet" hurried past with her blue eyes fixed on the horizon. But a fatality seemed to descend upon her; go where she would, she was destined to meet Bob and the Flemyngs. There was nothing left for Bob to do but to stick to his own act and repeat it ad nauseam. He cut "Aunt Janet" until the daylight sickened him, and she, the least noticeable of his relatives, loomed to his mind as something formidable. Why was this?

At length "Aunt Janet" took the matter into her own hands and concluded it, by fleeing the place from which all peace had been dispelled. And then Bob breathed again and thanked her. It happened that he knew the very day and hour of her departure, for he, in company with Mrs. Flemyng, walked into the station even at that moment when "Aunt Janet" and her boxes waited on the platform.

"The Weird Woman is leaving," said Mrs. Flemyng; "we shall miss her, shall we not? She was quite a feature of the place. And there is something in her that greatly attracts me. I wish I could find out who she is. She never even looks at us now."

Bob was silent through sheer dismay.

The sequel to this summer visit came rapidly. In the meantime Bob had learned two things:—that Lucy Flemyng was ready to love him, and that her father would not hear of an engagement until his position was established. To do him justice, he was showing some energy in the fight to obtain a footing in the world. Mrs. Flemyng, though she would not permit

any intercourse between her daughter and Bob, exhibited a friendly interest in his career on the rare occasions when they met, but severely repressed anything that might give ground for hope of a near alliance,

As for "Aunt Janet," she had effectually kept her bodily presence out of his way since the episode in North Wales, but otherwise continued her kindly intercourse unchanged. episode in North Wales was fast dwindling in Bob's mind to an occasional but exasperating memory. Sometimes he wished he had gone to his Aunt, and confessed frankly his predicament and expressed regret at his own conduct:-but "Let sleeping dogs lie" would be the conclusion of his uneasy thoughts. Then one day he learned that she was ill. The letter was from home. Bob's home was not in London, but he was in rooms at work there; and, somewhere in the East End "Aunt Janet" lived. now he would go and do what he ought to have done before. Unfortunately he delayed; a few days later, like a bolt from the blue, came the news that "Aunt Janet" was dead. It was then that Bob realized how her constant affection, her unspoken forgiveness, had wrapped him round with a curious sense of comfort and of having something reliable to count on, There was no menace in "Aunt Janet," as there certainly was, for example, in Mrs. Flemyng, who had it in her power to make him cruelly miserable. Again, he hated to think that in the last months of her existence "Aunt Janet" had been wounded by him; that she had been wounded, the cessation of her visits showed.

Meanwhile the happening of the unexpected had been in preparation. Miss Janet Westerton's lawyer, considering that his client's death released him from silence, and savoring the mystery in which she had chosen to live and work, sent to the papers a short sketch of her life and numerous activities.

This appeared in the obituary column, and .was headed "Death of 'J. W.'" Bob read the obituary over his breakfast when he had perused the letter bringing him private news of his bereavement; but he did not connect the two matters. He merely wondered what Mrs. Flemyng would think concerning the loss of her friend.

That morning he went by train to the East End abode where "Aunt Janet" had lived amongst the workers. Why had he never been there before? "Aunt Janet's" residence was in Deptford; she had leased a very small villa. there, a minute semi-detached house, which, however, presented some desirable features. When Bob arrived, shuddering as he did so at the typical utilitarian hideousness of the material surroundings, which nowhere rise above the level of ugly middle-class comfort, he found his mother and sister in possession of the house of mourning, and thankfully perceived that "Aunt Janet" had been tenderly cared for to the last.

"Why did I not know how ill Aunt Janet was?" asked he somewhat irritably of his sister.

"Why did you not come to see for yourself, Bob?" asked his mother.

Bob was silent. But when he had looked long and sorrowfully at the quiet good face of the dead woman, the working of compunction in him bore fruit suddenly.

"I did not come to see Aunt Janet," said he to his mother slowly and steadily, "because I was ashamed to do so. I have not behaved well to her, mother, and I hated to come. She has never varied in her goodness and kindness to me."

"I am sorry to hear this, Bob," said his mother, not understanding to what he could refer. "She spoke of you several times, many times, sending her love to you over and over again."

Bob kissed the cold cheek reverently and went downstairs. The house seemed full of the quiet fragrance of "Aunt Janet's" spirit; and, as he sat in the plain little sitting-room, the action to which he had resorted in order to falsify and enhance, ever so little, his position in the eyes of the Flemyngs, appeared uglier, more stupid, than it had done even at the time.

That same evening, he was astounded by the receipt of a letter from an eminent firm of lawyers, which informed him that his late Aunt had been one of their most esteemed clients, and that her affairs had been left in their hands. The letter further informed him that the presence of their representative would be necessary at the funeral, as there was a Will to read.

"I hope that Aunt Janet has not been screwing and pinching out of her annuity so as to leave me a little money!" thought Bob in a species of agony.

The next day came a new amaze-He excused himself rather ment. earlier than usual from work on account of bereavement, and reached Deptford about half-past five in the evening. It was early in February and a spell of extremely cold weather had set in; the roofs were white with snow, the roads slippery with frost; it was the era of scraping spades, of bursting pipes, of no water or too much, and of general discomfort. When he arrived, the passage of the tiny house was well lighted and the murmur of conversation included more voices than he expected; a sense of the unusual struck upon him! he walked forward hastily, opened the door of the sitting-room, and stood arrested upon the threshold. There, in her handsome furs, looking the more distinguished for her prosaic surroundings, sat Mrs. Roland Flemyng, in intimate conversation with his father, his mother, and sister. The eyes of Mrs. Flemyng were red, her appearance was that of one in acute affliction.

"This is kind of you!" murmured Bob vaguely as he approached with out-stretched hand and with a sense of miracles having befallen; his family had become introduced to Mrs. Flemyng, he perceived, without his being party to the matter.

But Mrs. Flemyng took no notice of his words; she rose to her feet with an air almost tragical.

"Why," said she in a low stiffed voice, "why did you not tell me? You must have known it, Bob! You must have known it!"

These words presented no clear idea to Bob's mind, but his thoughts leapt back to Wales, and his aspect was as of one in whom bewilderment, doubt, and shame are commingled.

"To think," continued Mrs. Flemyng in the same strange low voice, "that last year in Wales you let me pass the honored friend of years, time after time, without a recognition, without a word. It is not, however," she added, turning to Mr. and Mrs. Westerton with a quick resumption of her gracious quietude, "the moment for me to level reproaches. Indeed, I am sorry I intruded my personal regret into the midst of a grief that must be so much deeper and more poignant. Thank you, dear Mrs. Westerton, for admitting me this afternoon, for permitting me to see the face of the friend who for years has been so near my heart, whose support and sympathy were so much to me."

When she had said this, she shook hands warmly and silently with Bob's parents and sister, and walked to the door. Bob followed to open it for her, and when in the passage he perceived that, under her veil, she was weeping bitterly.

"Shall I not accompany you to the

train, to your carriage? I beg you to permit me?" said he hastily, almost frantically.

She shook her head; her manner was final, and he returned to the sittingroom.

"I don't think I understand," said he slowly; "what have I done?"

"Bob," said his father who was thoughtfully stroking his beard; "did you ever hear of 'J. W.'?"

Mr. Westerton spoke in the level measured way he adopted when strongly moved.

"Of course," said Bob, over whose body a cold perspiration broke suddenly.

"It appears," said his father in the same level tone, "that 'J. W.' stands for Janet Westerton. I fear we have always underrated your Aunt's gifts. You met her in Wales last year?"

"Yes."

"You were in the company of the Flemyngs there?"

"Yes."

"You did not, it appears, introduce your Aunt?"

"No."

"Ah!" said Mr. Westerton.

What is the use of adding words, when facts have overwhelmed a man? Besides, they were in "Aunt Janet's" own sitting-room where the wonderful surprise of her true existence had been revealed to them, and where the fragrance of her spirit seemed still to linger.

The funeral was a kind of nightmare to Bob. "Aunt Janet's" secret having been betrayed by her lawyer, it was attended by many distinguished persons; Mr. and Mrs. Flemyng were there of course, also two Cabinet Ministers, and a host of well-known men interested in social reform. Bob had never seen so many celebrities gathered together before. Moreover, the Press attended, the leading London daily papers having sent representatives to re-

It seemed as though, "Aunt port. Janet's" eccentric little form having vanished for ever, the full recognition of her character and intellect had become impossible. Why had her nearest and dearest been so hopelessly unappreciative? In particular, why had Bob? He asked himself that rather bitterly when he caught the whisper near him that Mrs. Roland Flemyng would, in all probability, write a life of the eccentric little lady from the side of her public work. Bob could have added the private side better than anyone else, had he been in a position to do it. But he was in the predicament of one who has shut a door in haste and discovers that he has left the key to it inside.

Perhaps the worst was to come. It surprised him that Mr. and Mrs. Flemyng returned to the house from the grave, summoned by the lawyer to be present with the family at the reading of the Will. In the midst of bewildering events and the gathering distress in his heart, he could not summon the wit to interpret these signs. saw, as in a kind of insane dream, the lawyer seating himself by the table in the small room; he beheld all his important relatives crowding as they could within the narrow space: amongst them was Mrs. Flemyng with her husband in attendance by her side. Some such sight as this he had, in bygone days and in a hopeful day-dream, wistfully pictured. Now it had come to pass, but it was not he who had brought the Flemyngs into the desired connection with his family; it was "Aunt Janet."

The lawyer began to read the Will, and Bob listened. Presently he felt his heart leap in his breast. Even self-controlled Mr. Westerton could not repress a start of surprise. It appeared that "Aunt Janet" had more than thirty thousand pounds to leave behind her: amongst other things, she

was an excellent woman of business and had added to her capital.

The money was to be distributed in the following manner:—

To Mrs. Roland Flemyng the sum of ten thousand was left to be used at her-discretion for the promotion of certain schemes which she, as well as the testatrix, had at heart; some provisions and legacies of a minor nature followed, and to these Bob in his confusion, could not lend attention. Presently, however, the sound of his own name struck him as a thunder-clap.

"To my beloved nephew Robert Westerton the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds."

Conditions were named; he had a horrible conviction that words of love-and praise and kindly exhortation went with them, that she effaced herself to the last and put him forward. He-could not be sure; because he turned his back suddenly on the company, got his elbows on to the mantel-shelf, and buried his face in his hands. Norwas he aware of what immediately followed; he stood in the posture he had assumed, until his father touched his arm and said, in a not unkindly voice, "Bob! my boy!"

Whereat he turned and faced theroom again with a frowning brow. The
Flemyngs, he perceived, were just
leaving; they bade adieu to his parents, bowed to the miscellaneous company, and cut him, the heir, dead. That
was as salt consolation to the sick
misery of his heart; that gave him gripof his courage, and made him close his
hand firm over his dreams as though
they had been nettles.

A pin-prick of the kind will sometimes explode the swollen bubbles of our wishes.

That night he stayed alone in the little house where the fragrance of "Aunt Janet's" spirit kept with him. She, whom he had wounded, had not, he perceived, deserted him; she had

planned no vengeance—the will was anterior to the disastrous visit to North Wales, and had not been altered; the folly of his acts could not change her love, nor affect her insight.

Was it insight? Was it not rather delusion which made her credit him with virtues and faculties he had given small evidence of possessing? The thought of her praises read in the hearing of the Flemyngs stung his pale cheek.

What might not Aunt Janet have given him had he permitted her! The heart, he perceived, can take only the gift which fills its measure; his own

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unworthiness had transformed her giving to the bitterness and humiliation which now overflowed it.

One thing, however, he could do: he could live to make those praises ring true in his own ear and in the ears of others, and he thought that he would have a try.

It took him ten years to feel sure that he had begun to succeed; he was nearer forty than thirty before he could persuade Lucy Flemyng that the love she still kept warm for him was justified, and that he had in himself some genuine basis for little old "Aunt Janet's" esteem.

Emma Brooke.

FROM CHEMULPO TO SEOUL.

A mingling of East and West, of Oriental phlegm and European progress,-the Land of the Morning Calm or the Realm of Dawning Civilization? Which shall more fittingly describe Corea? Omniscient European journalists entitle it the Hermit Kingdom, where electric cars flash through the streets of Seoul and an excellent railway brings the traveller in comfort from the seaport of Chemulpo to the capital. The day of isolation, of sluggish apathy in the face of modern progress, is past for Corea. Japanese engineers-mark the nationality!-are busy on a railway projected from Seoul right across the kingdom to Fusan, a tiny seaport nestling beside a splendid natural harbor on the south-east coast. The electric light, already installed in the palace, is finding its way into the streets of the capital; and through a city as quaint and old-world as Pekin itself electric tram-cars run everywhere.

These changes are certainly of very recent date and owe their origin to the

King's love of novelty rather than to any far-sighted policy. A late Minister to Washington, on his return to Corea, informed his monarch of the marvels he had seen in the strange land of America. Lights that burned not; carriages that ran without the aid of horses; magic wires which enabled friends, far separated, to hear the sound of each other's familiar voices,all this appealed to the wonder-loving ruler of the Hermit Kingdom. He made this ex-Minister Governor of Seoul and bade him arrange with his foreign friends to bring these marvels within the monarch's ken. An American company built the railway to the capi-An American engineer installed the electric light in the royal palace,and strange are the tales he can tell of what he saw there. In other respects the country still remains sunk in semi-barbarism. Tyrannical officials still cruelly oppress the lower classes: manufactures and trade still remain altogether in the hands of the foreigner; but the thin edge of the

wedge has been introduced. Corea will not go back; Japan will see to that.

I was on my way to Japan from North China. An opportunity offered of making a voyage in a steamer of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (the excellent Japanese Mailship Company) from Taku to Newchwang in Manchuria, thence to Chifu in North China, then back across the Gulf of Pe-chi-li to Corea and along its coast, touching at Chemulpo and Fusan. Such a chance was not to be lost. Japan is in these days as common as Egypt. The fabled city of Pekin was as well known to the officers of the Allied Armies as London, Paris, or Berlin: Corea alone remained, comparatively, a terra incog-At Tientsin, barely two days' steam from it, no one seemed aware that such a thing as a railway existed in the Hermit Kingdom. At the British Consul-General's office there, when seeking to learn if it were possible to march overland through Corea from Chemulpo on the west to Gensan, or Wensan, on the east coast, I was informed that they knew little or nothing about that country. This promised well; even in these days of widespread civilization, I was at last to catch a glimpse of a still barbarous and unprogressive land. The sole thing that troubled me about it was that our steamer was to stop only two days at Chemulpo; and I wanted to visit Seoul, which is forty miles inland. How in forty-eight hours was I to manage to go to the capital and return? I knew nothing of the existence of a railway; and I came to the conclusion that I must secure ponies at Chemulpo and ride.

But, to my surprise, on going on board the comfortable little Japanese steamer, Genkai Maru, at Taku, I found in the saloon a time-table of the Seoul-Chemulpo railway, which showed that trains ran to the capital every two hours during the day, taking

about an hour and a quarter over the journey. It was a relief to learn that a railway existed; but of course, I thought, it could only be a dilapidated, ramshackle concern, and one would be jolted in wretched carriages over a Still that would be badly-laid line. better than riding eighty miles on rough Corean ponies. To add to my astonishment there were advertisements, also hung up in the saloon, of two hotels in Seoul. One, kept by an Englishman, was called the Station Hotel and claimed among its attractions the advantage of being "far from the blare of military display." rival establishment was evidently French and bore the name Hôtel du Palais. Railways and hotels! did not seem quite so benighted as I had thought.

Newchwang and Chifu visited, our steamer headed for Chemulpo. entrance to the harbor lies through a bewildering maze of countless islets, far more wonderful and picturesque than the much lauded archipelago of the Inland Sea of Japan. In between these innumerable islands large and small, our vessel threaded her way, and my respect for her officers (all Japanese) rose high when I saw how skilfully they brought her through the tortuous channel on a dark night with never a beacon light to guide them. The large steamers of the Japaneseowned lines which ply to Europe, America, and Australia have to be with white commanders, provided officers, and chief engineers, as European passengers fear to trust their lives to a purely native ship's com-Yet the navigation of the Chinese, Corean, Siberian, and Japanese coasts, in these narrow typhoonscourged seas, calls for far more skill than is required to take a ship along the broad, well-defined ocean routes; and all the steamers which ply from Taku and Vladivostok to Nagasaki

and Yokohama are commanded by Japanese officers.

Soon after daybreak I was on deck to catch the first glimpse of Chemulpo. In and out through the narrow passages our vessel swung. Here, on one hand, lay a long, hilly island, its steep slopes clad with grass, the white beach fringed with foam. On the other a cluster of gigantic rocks rose sheer and threatening from the sea, their black sides glistening with the spray flung up by the waves which rolled heavily against them, only to be hurled back in masses of broken water. Suddenly the Genkai Maru doubled a bluff, rocky shoulder, and ahead of us lay the mainland.

On the face of a long, undulating hill stood the city, the houses climbing up the steep side to the summit. mere cluster of Eastern hovels is Chemulpo. Near the sea tall factory chimneys rose up above Europeanlike buildings. Long, regular streets of well-built houses ascended the hill. Here and there in spacious grounds stood stone villas with slated roofs. Along the sea-front a wide road ran by a substantial quay and stone piers. For Chemulpo is a prosperous port, with many European and Japanese merchants, and a large colony of the enterprising subjects of the Mikado. Only the lower classes work in Corea, and commerce is left to the foreigner. To right and left of the city were lines of hills, running back as far as the eye The foreshore extends could reach. well out, and at low tide a large stretch of mud is uncovered; so the steamers at anchor lay well away from the town, protected by the hills of islands and mainland.

As the Genkai Maru brought up, she was surrounded by a flotilla of sampans,—long, shallow boats with square sterns and prows tapering to a point. They were worked by brawny, muscular Coreans, who stood facing the bows

and pushed, not pulled, their oars. My fellow-passengers consisted of several British and German military officers and a few Americans. We all went ashore promptly, our boatmen working with an energy that I have never seen equalled by their kind anywhere else. Brought in alongside a sloping stone landing-place, up which we walked, we passed a few custom-house officials, who took no notice of us. The road ran by the quay round the harbor, leading on the left to the railway-station, a few hundred yards away. Above us was a low hill, crowned by a European villa, the residence of a foreign consul or merchant.

As we gained the quay, a crowd of loitering Coreans watched us with indolent curiosity. They were mostly clad in white cotton; the coolies, bareheaded or with large, queer-shaped straw hats, wore short jackets, baggy knickerbockers, and bandages like putties on their legs. The men of a better class had long, voluminous cotton coats, which reached almost to the ankles and stood out from the hips with the fulness of skirts. Opening towards the neck and showing other white cotton garments underneath, these coats were confined under the arm-pits by a cord passing round the body and tied in front, hanging down in two long tassels. The head-gear of the more respectable Coreans was exceedingly curious. A mitre-shaped skull-cap of black gauze, about five inches high, rested on the head, fitting closely around the temples and forehead. On this was placed, so that it stood several inches above the wearer's hair, a tall, round, broad-brimmed hat of the same black gauze, stiffened with bamboo fibres; in shape it resembled the head-gear usually worn by the comic Frenchman of the London stage. Below the long coats appeared trou-Some of the laborers and the sers. lower-class children wore dark-colored

padded garments; but white cotton was the general rule. Along the quay trudged coolies, carrying their loads fixed in a curious contrivance on their Two forked sticks were bound vertically to their shoulders, just long enough to allow the lower ends to rest on the ground when the carrier sat down, thus supporting the weight of In the forks was fasthe burden. tened a basket made of matting, in which the loads were placed. Its upper corners stood out from the shoulders at angles which at a distance gave to the bearers the appearance of having wings.

As the morning was now too far advanced to make it advisable to visit Seoul that day, we determined to devote the afternoon to an inspection of Chemulpo and reserve the capital for the morrow. To make sure about the trains, we first directed our steps to the railway-station. This was not an imposing structure. On one platform was a plain, substantial stone building containing the booking-offices, waitingrooms, and a not particularly luxurious refreshment-room. The attendants, as well as the railway clerks, were Japanese. On the other platform stood a small waiting-room; and further down was a long, high engine-shed with galvanized iron roof. Having learned all that we wanted to know, we retraced our steps along the quay and entered the town.

The business part of Chemulpo consists of a mixture of European and Japanese buildings, most of the shops being kept by the enterprising colonists from the neighboring Island Empire. From the sea-shore rise the tall chimneys of factories. We climbed a steep street running up the face of the hill on which the town is built. The houses on either side, with the exception of the European business offices, were rarely more than one story high, the most substantial buildings being a

bank, the Daibutsu Hotel, and the residences of the foreigners. ended near the top of the hill, and we found ourselves among the gardens and well-built houses of the consuls and white merchants, some of whom we passed hard at work on a lawntennis ground. From the summit a spacious view lay around us. side furthest from the town stretched a bare plain dotted with a few villages, their tiny, flat-roofed hovels crowded together. Beyond was an interminable vista of hills, barren and treeless for the most part. Along the coast winding inlets pushed their way into the land, and islands lay in profusion on the sparkling sea.

Descending again into the town we roamed through the streets, our interest divided between the quaint attire of the people and the strong contrast of their buildings. Here was a queer little Japanese wooden house, the ground floor a shop, the front of the upper part closed with sliding paper Next to it was a Chinese screens. eating-house, boasting all the strange and repulsive forms of food in which the Celestial delights. Then came a drinking saloon, its shelves crowded with bottles of Japanese beer, and over the door a sign-board bearing the inscription in English Billiard-room within. Beside it stood a substantially-built brick house, the offices of some European firm. Nor were the types of humanity which thronged the streets less curious or interesting. Towards us, toddling along on their high wooden sandals, came a laughing, chattering group of Japanese women in gray or blue kimonos, their oiled hair twisted into fantastic shapes and bristling with lacquered combs, flowers, and brightly-tasselled hair-pins. hind them walked a couple of Chinamen, moving silently along with feltsoled shoes.

The dress of the Corean women 's

very quaint. Long, voluminous white cotton dresses reaching to the ankle baggy trousers underneath, show which, ending at slippers with upturned toes, give them somewhat the appearance of Turkish women. their head is thrown a long cloak, generally green, fastened under the neck, the sleeves, through which the arms are never passed, hanging down over the shoulders. By this cloak hangs a tale, historical and interesting. upon a time a king of Corea invited the officers of his army to a banquet in the palace at Seoul, in complete ignorance that a military conspiracy, aimed at his throne and life, was afoot. conspirators, who were among the guests, resolved to seize their opportunity to murder the king during the progress of the banquet. On entering the palace, the officers deposited their large military cloaks in an ante-chamber and took their places in the hall where the feast was spread, waiting only a signal to fall on and slay their host. But a number of the women of Seoul had become acquainted with the conspiracy. Loyal to their monarch and unable to warn him in time, they went in a body to the palace, and gained admittance into the ante-cham-Seizing the officers' cloaks they ber. entered the banqueting-hall unobserved; some, stealing noiselessly up behind the officers as they sat at the feast, flung the cloaks over their heads and pinioned them in the folds, while others ran to the bewildered king, hurriedly warned him of the plot, and spirited him safely away before the baffled conspirators could release themselves from the grasp of their brave captors. In token of his gratitude to his loyal female subjects, the king decreed that in future the Corean women should wear the military cloak thrown over their heads, as a mark of honor.

A little further down the street we came upon three Corean soldiers. The

army has recently been reorganized by the Japanese, on whose troops it is modelled in dress and equipment. These men, the first Corean warriors we had seen, were small and friendlylooking. They were dressed in dark blue serge tunics and trousers, or knickerbockers with leg-bandages, and wore képis, or small shakoes, with a brass ornament in front, similar to the chrysanthemum of the Japanese One had a modern, breechtroops. loading rifle, and carried a number of small card-board boxes and packages slung on his back and tied there by handkerchiefs in knapsack fashion. The others were armed with nothing deadlier than a fan. As they stopped to gaze at us in cheerful curiosity, I walked up to them and intimated by gestures my desire to photograph them. They smilingly assented and posed themselves readily. The Corean, It should be observed, has not the same objection to having his portrait taken which characterizes the Chinaman; even in Hong Kong and Macao I have seen 'ricksha coolies vehemently protest against the indignity and cover their faces with their hands, rather than be exposed to the evil eye of the devil-machine, as they consider the But our military friends camera. seemed quite flattered, and stood patiently while I took their portraits.

In Chemulpo, as elsewhere throughout the country, the money chiefly in use, and most in favor, is Japanese. The coinage of the kingdom is so debased that one yen (or Japanese dollar, worth about two shillings) is equal to one dollar forty cents Corean. Indeed the national money is frequently refused and payment demanded in foreign silver; even good British Hong Kong dollars will not be accepted, unless by the Chinese residents. I entered a Japanese photographer's shop and endeavored to buy some views of the country with these coins; but my

kimono-clad friend absolutely refused them. He proved equally obdurate when offered Corean money, and I could purchase nothing.

On the following day we went ashore early in the morning and proceeded to the railway-station to catch the first train to the capital. Here the monetary difficulty became acute, for the clerks in the booking-office would not accept our Hong Kong dollars. However, we boarded the train without tickets and trusted to luck. Engine-drivers, guards, railway officials of all sorts, The carriages were were Japanese. on the American principle, the difference between first, second, and third class consisting chiefly in the upholstering of the cars.

The line to Seoul passes first near the sea, over creeks, by mud-flats, round the bases of barren hills, by crowded villages with their flat-roofed, squalid huts where unkempt peasants gazed lethargically at the train. The country soon grows more open. hills are rounded; the plains, rising in swelling upland covered with long grass, are dotted with patches of rag-There is but little cultivaged firs. tion, though the soil seems fertile enough. Occasionally we passed a house better built than usual, with tiled roof and stone or plastered walls, the residence of some Corean who dared to let it be known that he was not sunk in the depths of poverty. For in this unprogressive land few of its inhabitants may boast of wealth. a man show signs of being better off than his neighbors and, like hungry vultures, the corrupt officials will at once swoop down upon him, when fines and imprisonment will soon reduce him to the common level.

The stations along the line are fairly numerous. European in appearance, the contrast between the plain, unromantic stone buildings with ticketoffices and waiting-rooms, all in approved Western style, and the blackhatted, white-robed passengers with flying skirts bustling to catch the train, was forcible.

When the conductor came through the carriages to collect the tickets, we explained that we had none and offered our Chinese dollars in payment of the fare. These he refused and insisted on Japanese yen. Eventually he reluctantly accepted one dollar forty cents in Corean money from me for the one dollar fare; but my companions were forced to wait until Seoul was reached, where they could exchange their Hong Kong silver for more useful coins.

The scenery along the route was on the whole uninteresting. Level plains, swelling uplands, and rounded hills, covered with long coarse grass, clumps of fir-trees and patches of cultivation. The train ran for some distance beside a broad and placid river, beyond which the houses of a town clustered around the foot and up the sides of a small hill. Then, suddenly turning, it crossed the river on a fine iron bridge, ran through stretches of cultivated land, past more hills, and finally stopped at the terminus, which is situated outside the walls of Seoul. The English hotel, which I had seen advertised as "far from the blare of military display," was close to the station. consisted of a number of small Corean houses in a large courtyard surrounded . by a wooden palisade, close under the city walls, within which, and situated on a small eminence, the tower of the British Legation was just visible, rising above the hotel. The energetic English proprietor and his wife had converted the unpromising-looking buildings into very comfortable rooms, the dining-room especially being a bright, cheerful apartment. As some of us had left the steamer too hurriedly for any food that morning, we asked for breakfast, and were soon

served with an English meal of excellent bacon and eggs; out of place as it seemed in this distant land, we did ample justice to the home-like fare. Staying at the hotel were several guests, one or two missionaries with their families, a couple of American ladies on their travels, and an English colonel. After breakfast the landlord kindly procured a guide for us, and, engaging 'rickshas, we set off to visit the city.

Seoul is somewhat similar in appearance to Pekin. It is surrounded by high, embrasured walls pierced by tun nel-like gateways surmounted square or oblong towers with double roofs and wide-spreading, upturned eaves similar to those of the Chinese capital. Indeed, the place is practically a smaller and a cleaner Pekin, and the whole land shows unmistakable traces of the Chinese conquest. From the broad main streets, lined with one-storied houses bordered by deep, open drains, branch off narrow, evil-smelling lanes and alleys. buildings, both public and private, are all of the Chinese type of architecture, the tiled roofs and the upturned eaves being strongly reminiscent of the Celestial Kingdom. To our surprise, however, we saw a single line of rails leading out of the gate by which we entered and, as our 'ricksha coolies ran us along inside the city, an electric tram-car flashed down the street towards us. We stared in astonishment! Here in the capital of the Benighted Land, in slothful, backward Corea, was one of the latest examples of modern progress. The car was small with no seats on the top, and from the sloping roof the slanting trolley arm ran to the overhead wire. The driver and conductor were Japanese, as are all the employees of the Company. The car was divided into two compartments; and the seats, which ran along the sides, were crowded

with Coreans, of both sexes and all classes. The city is covered with a network of tram-lines, over which a regular and frequent service is maintained during the day. On the posts supporting the overhead wires were notices which, so our guide informed us, warned the inhabitants of the city against using the rails as pillows dur-Strange as it may ing the night. seem, many cases had occurred where the ignorant townspeople had lain down to sleep on the track, utilizing the cool iron to rest their necks on. While they slumbered the tram had come rushing along in the dark, with the inevitable result that head and body parted company.

Turning off the main street, our 'rickshas rattled down a smaller one running parallel to and near the city wall. In it was situated the Russian Legation, with one of the Czar's soldiers on guard at the gate; further down, on a slight eminence stood the British Le-Both these buildings are of gation. European architecture, the latter being surmounted by a square tower crowned by an open gallery with gabled roof. Plunging deeper into the city we came to an open space, on one side of which we saw Seoul's second hostelry, the Hotel du Palais. now began to understand the meaning of the phrase "blare of military display" in the advertisement of the Station Hotel, as the rival establishment is called; for all round this quarter, in every street, at each gateway, and at every corner, stood double sentries, while guards were continually passing to and fro. The garrison of Seoul consisted, I believe, of about four thousand men; and fully half the number must have been continually employed on sentry-go.

At this square our party separated temporarily. Some went on to pay a visit to the royal palaces and the Queen's tomb; the rest of us, having

done enough sight-seeing in Pekin and North China generally to last us for the rest of our lives, preferred to wander afoot through the streets and observe the ordinary life of the inhabitants. We gazed with interest at the little soldiers, the long-robed, queerhatted citizens, or the open-fronted shops, where foods, embroideries, pipes, and many European articles were on sale. We made several purchases, mine including one of the curious gauze Corean hats and the skull-cap worn beneath it, for which I paid three dollars; but those of the best quality, made of human hair and the finest bamboo, cost as much as one hundred and fifty dollars (nearly £15).

On reaching the main streets we resolved to patronize the tramway and purchased tickets at the small office at one of the stopping-places. soon came up and we took our seats. The genial young Japanese conductor spoke a little English and, evidently proud of his accomplishment, entered into conversation with us. Noting the Corean hat which I had just purchased, he said to me, "You have buy?" On my replying in the affirmative he continued, "How much you pay?" I told him, whereupon he burst out laughing. "Oh, you dam fool" he cried and slapped me genially on the back, rather to my astonish-However, his mirth was conment. tagious, and I joined in the laugh against myself, while our Corean fellow-passengers, though ignorant of the joke, all cackled merrily.

The car shot along through the wide, dingy streets, over small bridges crossing broad drains, and out through the tunnel-like arch of the gate in the city wall into the country beyond. The road narrowed down until the luxuslant foliage of the trees met overhead, and the line ended about a mile from the walls. On our return we left the car at the gate, to take photographs,

but we had not reckoned on the insatiable curiosity of the Corean. crowd speedily gathered; and no sooner was a camera in position than a throng of men, women, and children pressed closely up and strove hard to look in through the lens. Entreaties curses proving equally unintelligible to the good-humored mob, at last we employed strategy. One of our number raised his camera; instantly the throng rushed at him and tried to peer into the strange little box, when I seized my opportunity. Hearing the click, the crowd turned and scurried back to me, when my companion in turn took them. Then, shouldering our way through the laughing mob, intensely amused at their own defeat, we jumped on another tramcar and were rattled back through the city and out by the gate where we had originally From here we walked back entered. to the Station Hotel.

Thus ended our brief glimpse of the capital of Corea. We returned to Chemulpo, and on the same evening our steamer sailed for Japan. following day found us in the magnificent natural harbor of Fusan, a landlocked bay surrounded by an amphitheatre of rounded hills. A large fleet could shelter there with ease, and a few forts would make the place impregnable. Its position on the southeast corner of Corea, within a day's steam of Japan, makes it a point of special interest to the Japanese, who would strongly resist its passing into the hands of any powerful and possibly hostile nation. Fusan was the last spot of ground they possessed on Corean soil after their invasion in for-For centuries they have mer times. maintained a small colony in the town, which is, to all intents and purposes, a Japanese settlement. Almost only steamers which visit the port are the vessels of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha which ply between Taku and Nagasaki or Vladivostok, and Japan, and Japanese engineers are building a rail-way across Corea from Seoul to Fusan. It would be but natural that the Russians should cast an envious eye on Fusan; and equally natural is it that Japan should object to their establishing themselves in a harbor so magnificently equipped by Nature and so near to her own coasts.

The docile, phlegmatic Corean counts for little in the schemes of more powerful nations. His country has been for centuries the cock-pit of Eastern Asia; and only his want of active pa-

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triotism and his prompt submission to his conquerors have saved him from extermination. Cheerful and hardworking by nature, long years of oppression by corrupt officials have left him thriftless and lazy. Of what use is it to endeavor to lift himself from the slough of poverty when, at the first appearance of wealth, he will be forced, under pain of imprisonment, torture, or death, to disgorge the fruits of his toil? Thus commerce is left to the foreigner; and the Corean is content with a bare livelihood and asks. but a peaceful existence.

Gordon Casserly.

LITERATURE AND HISTORY.

The school of English historians has suffered many serious losses in recent Death has dealt heavily both with the actual writers of history and with the leaders of historical learning. Ten years ago Froude and Lecky, Stubbs and Creighton, Gardiner and Acton were alive and working, and at the zenith of their reputations, if not in all cases of their powers. Setting aside the first-named, their remova! was sudden and almost simultaneous. Four of them died almost within the same twelve months. It is obvious that no department of study could suffer such serious losses without being sensibly weakened; and it is not too much to say that historical learning in the three kingdoms has been left for the present without a head.

It is never legitimate to compare the performances of living writers with those of the dead. Apart from all personal objections, there is the grand difficulty that the comparison must be between finished and unfinished work, between acknowledged fame and reputation still in the making. Yet it will

not be taken for disparagement of the immense activity which is now being displayed in the realm of historical inquiry if it is asserted that none of the great names just referred to can be matched among the existing school of writers and workers. Neither Froude, for his perfection of style and instinctive grasp of the essential; Lecky, for the massive dignity of his work and his genius for historical vignettes; Stubbs, for his singular mastery over his materials, and the skill with which he could extract the pith and marrow of the most unpromising materials; Creighton, for his judiciousness and the freshness of his ideas; Gardiner, for the orderly march of his sober narrative, maintained at a singularly even level through a life's task; nor Lord Acton, for the encyclopædic range of his colossal learning, has any rival in his kind among contemporary histori-No doubt we shall not have long to wait for successors to these eminent men whom all will acknowledge to be worthy. There are some that could be named whose general historical

equipment is ample, varied and profound, and many whose special intimacy with particular periods is marvellously minute. But for the moment history in this country appears to be in the hands of professors of history rather than of historians. There is a considerable difference between the two classes, and already there are indications that this accident may have results which cannot be entirely satisfactory. Inasmuch as with the great names just cited, the honorable succession of English historians of the nineteenth century may fairly be said to have closed, the occasion seems appropriate for a brief survey of the present trend of historical learning in Great Britain, and an estimate of the nature of the developments which appear likely to flow from it in the near future.

The objects which the existing directors of historical study in England have set before themselves can hardly find clearer or more deliberate expression than they have recently received at the hands of one who, alike in virtue of his indisputable learning and of his official position, speaks at once with authority and responsibility. In his inaugural lecture on "The Science of History," the Regius Professor of History at Cambridge was at pains to emphasize the full extent of the transformation which has latterly been effected in the nature, objects and methods of historical study. "History is a science, no less and no more." Such is the doctrine which the successor of Lord Acton in the Chair of History expounded last year before the University. It is true that the doctrine is not entirely new. From the same pulpit Lord Acton had himself preached, some seven or eight years earlier, from the same text. In one of the very few fragments of historical literature which remains to attest the possibilities which were paralyzed by the weight

of its author's encyclopædic information, the projector of the Cambridge history unfolded his ideal of his office in an address which marked an epoch in historical study in England. the disciple has outrun the master. Whereas Lord Acton was content to enforce the teaching of Ranke, to insist that "history must be critical, must be colorless, must be new," and to expatiate on "the dogma of tiality," Professor Bury is by no means satisfied to stop there. transformation of the idea of history, which is being gradually accomplished," has, in his view, been greatly accelerated in the last seven years. So much so, that he has deemed it incumbent upon him, at his entrance on his important functions, to define his attitude towards the process. Let us see how he does it, and note the extravagant enthusiasm with which he records the progress which has been made towards that emancipation of history from historians, that development of learning at the expense of writing, which his predecessor predicted, it is to be feared quite accurately, must be the outcome of the present documentary age. That no injustice may be done to the professor's argument it will be stated, as far as possible, in the professor's own words.

Dr. Bury begins by deploring the fact that the view of history for which he contends is not yet universally or unreservedly acknowledged. It only within three short generations that history has begun to forsake her old irresponsible ways, and to enter into her kingdom. Students of history are still confused, embarrassed and diverted by her old traditions and asso-Much has indeed been acciations. The revolution is slowly complished. and silently progressing. History has really been enthroned and ensphered among the sciences. But the particular nature of her influence, her timehonored association with literature, and other circumstances, have acted as a sort of vague cloud, half concealing from men's eyes her new position in the heavens. All this leads up to the statement which, though stated only to be interpolated as a parenthesis not yet superfluous, is really one of the main propositions of the lecture, that "history is not a branch of literature." Professor Bury admits, indeed, though with an accent of scarce concealed regret, that the facts of history can sup-"But," ply material for literary art. he urges, in a similitude surely a little on the hither side of eulogy of the work of his distinguished Cambridge colleague and compatriot, Sir Robert Ball, "to clothe the story of a human society in a literary dress is no more the business of a historian as a historian than it is the part of an astronomer as an astronomer to present in an artistic shape the story of the stars." Such is the doctrine expounded to the university of Macaulay by the editor of Gibbon.

But there is a positive as well as a negative side to the professor's philosophy of history. Having demolished the claims of history to be regarded in any wise as literature or as an art, and having denounced the mistaken conception which all the pre-nineteenth century historians, both ancient and modern, have had of their functions, Professor Bury proceeded to the constructive portion of his task, and enumerated for the benefit of his audience some of the fundamental formulæ of the science of history. They come, of course, like some other unlovely things, from Germany. The massive historians of the eighteenth century in France and Italy did indeed, it is admitted, produce works of permanent value. But theirs was the criticism of sheer learning. "Erudition has now been supplemented by scientific methods, and we owe the change to Germany." More especially we owe it to the author of the "Prolegomena to Homer," a work which gave the historians that idea of a systematic and minute method of analyzing their sources, which soon developed into "the microscopic criticism now recognized as indispensable."

But microscopic criticism would not have sufficed of itself. "A right notion of the bearing of history on affairs could not be formed or formulated until men had grasped the great transforming conception which enables history to define her scope, the idea of human development." It is this which has brought history into line with other sciences, and, potentially at least, has delivered her from the political and ethical encumbrances which continued to impede her, even after the introduction of scientific methods. why, according to Professor Bury, the last century is as important in the annals of historical studies as the fifth century B.C. It marks a "stage in the growth of man's self-consciousness. More than two thousand years after the birth of Herodotus the 'sons of flesh' have grasped the notion of their upward development through immense cycles of time. This idea has recre-The clear realization ated history." of the fact that our conception of the past is itself a distinct factor in guiding and moulding our evolution, and must become a factor of greater and increasing potency, marks a stage in the growth of the human mind. "And it supplies us with the true theory of the practical importance of history."

Binally, Professor Bury concludes what is anything but a fairy tale of science by bidding us contemplate the long results of time. It follows from the adoption of the theory of evolution as the basis of historical teaching, that a science of history "cannot safely be controlled or guided by a subjec-

tive interest." Its concern is with the future as much as with the past. We must think more of "the question of œcumenical history" than of those centuries of development which we have got into the bad habit of thinking as of unique and predominant impor-We are bidden not to regard tance. "the series of what we call ancient and mediæval history as leading up to the modern age and the twentieth century, but to consider the whole sequence up to the present moment as probably no more than the beginning of a social and psychical development, whereof the end is withdrawn from our view by countless millenniums to come." It is in the idea of the future development of man that we are to find not only a controlling idea for determining our historical perspective, but the justification of much of the laborious work that is being done to-day. historical labors of man for many a century to come must be regarded as "the ministrations of a novitiate," "For a long time to come one of the chief services that research can perform is to help to build, firm and solid, some of the countless stairs by which men of distant ages may mount to a height unattainable by us, and have a vision of history which we cannot win standing on the lower slopes." But the novice is bidden to seek consolation in his apparently abortive ministrations in the faith that "a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history will tell in the end."

This summary of Professor Bury's lecture is no travesty of his opinions. It is a literal reproduction of the most salient passages in his argument. What are we to say to it all? Is this really the ideal—if the professor will allow that science can have anything to do with ideals—which ought to be formed for history, and should guide the studies of the new school of historical inquiry which has been formed at Cam-

bridge? May we no longer place History, in Landor's words, "on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her Eloquence and War"; and must we depose her at the bidding of this scientific iconoclast who was but lately-it is odd to remember-a Regius Professor of Greek? Has the Muse of History become so wanton a wench that all commerce with her must henceforth be broken off? Or, if we may still keep a bowing acquaintance with her, may Clio only be flirted with in the guise of a blue-stocking? really to admit that history lies as often as she charms, and that the methods of Gibbon or of Macaulay, to travel no further back, are obsolete for the purposes of history in the present and all future centuries? It is time that these questions were asked, and time that they were answered, before that ideal of history that has been formed and held for above two thousand years is buried beneath the masses of amorphous learning which are being accumulated by the busy navvies of research.

For Professor Bury is not alone in his opinions. No one, in England at least, has carried out to their conclusion with such rigid logic as he the principles for which he contends, and no one, therefore, has so quickly reached the reductio ad absurdum of scientific history involved in the pæan of historical evolution cited a moment But it has to be admitted that ago. his doctrine has received countenance from some among the eminent men already referred to. Lord Acton before him had declared from the same chair that "the law of continuous growth has transformed history from a chronicle of casual occurrences." He had announced, as we have seen, that the advent of the documentary age has made history independent of historians; a doctrine he has expressed in another form, in his Letters to Miss

Mary Gladstone, in the saying that it is puerile to write modern history from printed books. But Lord Acton, though perhaps the greatest historical scholar of the nineteenth century, unfortunately carried his dread of what has been stigmatized as the danger of sacrificing truth to accomplishment to the point of accomplishing nothing, and enforced his proposition that learning is being developed at the expense of writing by becoming the first historian who has written no history. Never was there a more melancholy memorial to a man of great attainment than the bibliography of Lord Acton's writings lately published by the Royal Historical Society. It fills twenty octavo pages, and enumerates some hundreds of contributions to historical discus-But it contains no single item of greater dimensions than a lecture or a review.

It is therefore of more importance, with all deference to the memory of a great name, and the inspiration of a great example, to consider the precepts of less fastidious, if less learned, au-And it has to be admitted, thorities. in Professor Bury's favor, that Bishop Creighton, whose performance was greater than Lord Acton's, in about the proportion in which both his learning and his leisure were less, not only considered that the historian is in danger of being transformed from a man of letters into a compiler of an encyclopædia, but committed himself to the aphorism that "in proportion as history is picturesque it is not really history." Nobody has yet announced that history is only history when nobody but an historical specialist will read it, and the dogma of impartiality has not yet been followed by the express promulgation on pontifical authority of the dogma of necessary dulness. But when announcement of that doctrine is made as a fundamental postulate of the science of history no one

will have any right to be surprised. No student who has sought to till the smallest corner of the vast field of history is likely to be ungrateful for the services which have been rendered to his favorite study by the pioneers of modern research. Our gratitude may not take quite the form given to the thanksgiving of the Christchurch of whom Bolingbroke ports that he was overheard his closet "acknowledging divine goodness in furnishing the world with makers of dictionaries." But we are, none of us, unmindful of the blessings we owe to Sir Leslie Stephen, Mr. Sidney Lee, and the laborious compilers of the "Dictionary of National Biography." No one who attempts the smallest historical task can fail to make perpetual use of this and similar monuments of co-operative The immense accumulation industry. of fresh knowledge, the impossibility of keeping abreast of the additions to learning in more than one department, the multifarious requirements, as Bishop Creighton put it, with which the historian has to struggle as best he may-these difficulties of the documentary age are the abundant justification of such an exercise in co-operative history as the great storehouse of information which Lord Acton planned, and which his disciples are building in the new "Cambridge History." It is precisely because "a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history" is impossible of attainment even in the narrowest fields of research, that colossal undertakings of this sort-they are not to be called books-are greedily welcomed by stu-But of what service are such dents. works, designed to guide, relieve and shorten the labor of investigation, if every student is to be regarded as no more than an insect laboriously adding his atom of fresh fact to some coral reef of knowledge which has yet to

emerge above the level of the vast ocean of unserviceable learning? history is to be of any present use in the world, if it is really to enlarge men's views of man and of society, if it is to aid us to discover and to estimate the ideas upon which the continuity of national life is founded, and the principles on which that life can be best developed, it is impossible that it should be effectively or fruitfully pursued in this way. It is futile, no doubt, to cite the views of an historian who was also a man of letters to the zealots of research, yet the votaries of "the microscopic criticism which is now recognized as indispensable" will be none the worse for being reminded that "a history in which every particular incident may be true may yet on the whole be false." Nor is the statement that, if history were written on the microscopic principle, "the Bodleian library would not contain the occurrences of a week," a peculiarly glaring instance of Macaulay's tendency to rhetorical exaggeration.

To say this is not to disparage the value of research or to deny that in a large measure the old ideal of history was narrow and needed to be transformed. Not merely was the older view of history what Professor Bury calls "the politico-ethical theory" narrow in its range, it was liable to be grossly mistaken in its teaching. The school which conceived of history as a guide for conduct, a collection of precepts and maxims derived from actual historical experience, necessarily bestowed an altogether disproportionate degree of their attention on merely political history, on treaties and battles and personages, on the outward symbols of great movements and currents of opinion, the inner significance of which they scarcely sought to understand. It is perfectly true that they were apt to concern themselves too much with the characters of individ-

uals and too little with the life of communities. In the eighteenth century it was still possible for the author of the definition of history as philosophy teaching by examples-a man of letters who had been a statesman-to conceive a plan for a general history of modern Europe in which the Reformation was omitted from the catalogue of events by which he illustrated the importance of the sixteenth century. Yet Bolingbroke had hold of the root of the matter when he justified the importance of the space assigned to individuals in history on the ground that "man is the subject of every history." And for the historian who is apt to lose himself in the maze of facts and the mass of documents this metaphor, employed by the same writer, is not without its warning. "When works of importance are pressing, generals themselves may take up the pick-axe and spade; but in the ordinary course of things, when that present necessity is over, such tools are left in the hands destined to use them, the hands of common soldiers and peasants." To say this is not by any means to minimize the illuminating value of what Lord Acton called "implacable research," or to forget that, as Bishop Stubbs so admirable put it, "to a certain extent every one who would do anything must be his own dryasdust."

If so much must be urged by way of caution against the dangers of too continuous immersion in research, it is not less necessary to observe that even the great dogma of impartiality is not always correctly interpreted by the faithful. It is true, and no one is likely to deny it, that the elder school were apt to be the slaves of their individual prejudices; that, in Lord Acton's phrase, the strongest and most impressive personalities project their own broad shadow on their pages; that they were too much taken up with the bear-

ing of politics upon history or of history upon politics; and that, as has lately been remarked of Macaulay, "he wrote too much as though the whole history of England was a preface to the Act of Catholic Emancipation and the first Reform Act." Even so it remains equally true that "a great man may be worth several immaculate historians." And has not the impersonal method its own sufficiently serious dangers? The functions of a historian are certainly not limited to the exact ascertainment of historical facts, any more than they are limited to the registering of the crimes, the follies, and the misfortunes of mankind. It is equally his business to guide the opinions of those who read history, and so to write it that it may be read. doing so a tireless industry in ascertaining facts, a scrupulous accuracy in stating them, and a balanced judgment in weighing their importance are indeed the first essentials. But is there any reason why the results of industry and zeal should be largely wasted for want of attractiveness in their Why is the writer of presentation? history to be warned against the attempt to give a literary form, according to the measure of his abilities, to the outcome of his inquiries? If the whole workshop of historical research is not to become a vast lumber-room, it is time that some at least among the leaders of English historical learning should recognize the saving grace of style as the great antiseptic not only of literature but of history. the vast competition and multiplication of modern books, and especially in dealing with a tangled, obscure and, for the most part, unpopular subject like history, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the transcendent importange of giving form and color to the representation of history so far as the subject and the truth permits. The art of condensation, of omitting mere con-

ventional phraseology, of selecting appropriate epithets for striking incidents, and of arranging skilfully the sequence of a narrative, is, indeed only acquired slowly by great pains and assiduous study of the best models. As often as not even such pains and such study may be in vain. But their importance in making a book readable and in giving it a character of permanence cannot be exaggerated. History which cannot be made readable had better not be written. course there are dangers in this direction, which have been illustrated by some of the greatest masters of style. When Macaulay embarked upon his great work with the determination to "produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies," it can hardly be contended that he was inspired by a sufficiently lofty conception of the dignity of history. may be doubted whether it was not more animating, as it was certainly more intelligible, than the modern Cambridge ideal of providing a vision of history for the edification of the world's inhabitants after the lapse of "countless millenniums."

But style, though it is the great antiseptic, is not the only one. There is another which every student who has the wish to be fair, may hope to train himself to use. It is the quality of intellectual detachment, the faculty of discarding native prepossessions, of trying innate prejudices by the touchstone of principle, and of submitting every historical problem to the same In this sense every student will accept the dogma of impartiality. But if the dogma of impartiality means that a historian is not to have, or at least is not to indicate, an opinion of his own, it is time to renounce it. The true analogy to the functions of a historian is the charge of a judge to a jury. It is his business to sift and

weigh the evidence, to disentangle complexities, to represent in clear sequence all the essential facts from the point of view of both sides. But it is not less his function to give, without imposing, his own view of the facts. The jury which has all the facts, and is the ultimate arbiter, may accept or reject his view. But without it the jejune recital of pros and cons becomes wearisome and gives no guidance. One cannot but recognize a measure of truth in a judicial dictum which may be commended to Mr. Justice Darling for the next edition of "Scintillæ Juris": "Nothing is so misleading as a 'fair' charge."

It may be urged perhaps that these considerations are beside the mark; that the teaching which is demurred to here is a method of historical study intended to apply only to the obscure researches of humble students, and is not intended to limit the working of genius, or the greater enterprises of competent historians. But the objection is not valid. The new teaching is a bed of Procrustes in which the tallest must conform to the stature of the shortest. It recognizes no genius save a genius for taking pains. The historian with a marked faculty for picturesque description must be as prosaic as the dullest member of his craft. For if he should indulge his talent by attempting to tell a story, he is in peril of being branded a story-The Monthly Review.

teller in another sense. The very attempt to achieve tasks of the magnitude of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," not to speak of so magnificent an enterprise as Gibbon's, is deprecated on the ground that the multiplicity of topics which ought to be embraced is too great for the compass of a single mind. The steady piling up of the complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history must be the sole business alike of the great and the small.

What is to be the outcome of the teaching which is thus being persistently and pragmatically preached? When we have attained to the great desideratum of history without historians who will be the better for it? by how much will the world be the wiser? History will not, of course, be a more effective guide of conduct, a richer school of experience, a more excellent exemplar of practical lessons, since that old conception of it is entire-But will it be anything ly exploded. better? Will some Walpole of Professor Bury's ultimate millennium, impressed by the assemblage of the smallest facts of human history, retract the famous epigram, "Anything but history, history must be false?" Or will this conversion of history from literature to a blue-book rebut the libel that it is no better than an old almanac?

C. Litton Falkiner.

A QUEEN IN EXILE.

The death of Isabella, the most famous Queen in Exile of her time, recalls an intrigue which seems to be part of the sixteenth rather than of the nineteenth century. So long had the queen lived in an honorable retire-

ment, that the part she was forced to play in a discreditable episode is almost forgotten. Nevertheless, for five-and-twenty years she was the hapless plaything of plots and plotters, and though she died but yesterday, she

belongs more intimately to ancient history than any woman of her genera-Born in 1830, the daughter of Ferdinand VII, and Christina, a Bourbon princess of Naples, she was brought up in an atmosphere of scandal and rebellion; and never did she know peace until, in 1868, she had crossed the border into France. Now, Ferdinand, desiring that the succession to the throne should reside in his own family, had repealed the "pragmatic sanction" of Philip V., and thus declared, what was the truth, that Spain was not governed by the Salic But this revocation was in itself an incitement to revolt, and no sooner was Ferdinand dead than Don Carlos took up arms to enforce his claim to the throne. He was not long in winning to his support the friends of absolute monarchy, the champions of clericalism, and other reactionaries. The Basque Provinces were most zealous in his cause, and, since Queen Christina had found it prudent to win the Liberals to her side, the parties were clearly marked and sharply divided. For seven years Spain was torn by civil war, in the midst of which Isabella spent her childhood, and when at last peace was restored, there was no tranquillity for the prin-In 1843, O'Donnell and Narvaez, who between them had deposed Espartero, declared Isabella of full age, and henceforth, until her hasty flight, she was called upon to govern her turbulent country.

Almost before the young queen was out of the nursery, the Powers of Europe began to cast about for a suitable husband. In the disgraceful intrigues which followed but little thought was given to the happiness or inclination of the bride. She was a mere puppet in an ineffectual game of state. France saw, or affected to see, in the marriage an opportunity for her own aggrandizement; but, as late as 1845, Louis

Philippe had promised that the wedding of his son the Duc de Montpensier with the Infanta of Spain should not take place until Isabella herself was married and had children. Upon this order of the ceremonies the English Government very properly insisted, and it insisted upon nothing else. Again and again our indifference was proved in despatches. We urged no more than that the happiness of Isabella and the prosperity of Spain should not be sacrificed to any dynastic ambition. If the Queen chose Don Francisco, we were ready to acquiesce in her decision; should she prefer to give her hand to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, we should have made no objection; but we did not force the match upon her, and the Prince of Coburg was in no sense an English candidate. Such was the situation, when suddenly M. Guizot showed his hand, and proclaimed that Queen Isabella and her sister should marry on the same day Don Francisco and the Duc de Mont-The dishonor of this arrangepensier. ment was the greater, because not only was it a breach of a solemn undertaking, but Don Francisco was notoriously unfit for marriage with any one. For the moment, however, the French triumphed, and no doubt Louis Philippe and his hypocrite Minister believed that Spain was settled for ever-an appanage of France.

Guizot was unable to conceal his pleasure. He was intoxicated with vanity at his own performance, and he fondly hoped that he would go down the ages, as the rival of Talleyrand or Richelieu, by virtue of this single achievement. "The affair of the Spanish marriages," said he, in the Chamber on the 5th of February 1847, "Is the first grand thing that we have effected completely single-handed in Europe since 1830." There is a certain irony in this pompous pronouncement. Assuredly the marriage had been ef-

fected single-handed; but so little was it grand that it brought with it the ruin of M. Guizot, and the downfall of M. Guizot's master. The Queen Marie Amelie had already received from the Queen of England such a letter as must have convinced her that friendship between the two countries was henceforth impossible. Prince Metternich had already explained to the French Minister what he thought of "Tell M. Guizot from his conduct. me," he said, "that one does not with impunity play little tricks with great countries. He knows I do not think much of public opinion; it is not one of my instruments, but it has its effect. The English Government have done their best to establish Louis Philippe in public opinion. They can withdraw what they gave, and I have always said the moment he loses that, that he is on the very verge of a war, and his is not a dynasty which can stand a war." Guizot, confident in his own diplomacy, replied with illomened jauntiness: "But he don't mean to interfere at once, does he?" did not mean to interfere at all; his message was but the warning of an onlooker; and the warning was so well founded that in two years the French monarchy was overturned, and Louis Philippe had taken refuge in the country which he, or his Minister, had deceived.

It is a pitiful drama, truly, and we cannot but congratulate ourselves that we played but a small part in it. But what of the young Queen who had been the victim of M. Guizot's ineffectual cunning? At sixteen she was a woman of the world, who had been tricked into a marriage, and she made the best of it. There was, however, no prospect of settled government. Military dictators quarrelled for the ascendancy, with no thought but of themselves. Pronunciamentos followed one another in an aimless succession.

The Spaniards became so patiently accustomed to insurrection that they scarcely noticed whether their cities were in a state of siege or not. They went about their business heedless of the soldiers who thronged their streets, and though now and again a hastily constructed barricade made bloodshed inevitable, there probably never was a revolution, or series of revolutions, so long protracted and so innocent of disaster, as was witnessed by Spain during the reign of Isabella.

Happily the Powers, warned by the wicked indiscretion of M. Guizot, accepted Wellington's maxim, that "one country has no right to interfere in the internal affairs of another," and allowed Spain to deal with her own rebels in her own way. The worst of it was that Isabella, for all her amiability, was neither a wise woman nor a strong queen. Not only did she bow before the storm which she could not control, but she indulged in all the extravagant superstitions which have obscured the reigns and ruined the lives of so many Spanish monarchs. advisers were chosen with a complete disregard of their own characters and of the popular will. When the Cardinal archbishop of Toledo was not there to darken counsel, she listened with only too great an eagerness to the mystifications of Maria de los Dolores Patrocinio, Abbess of San Pascual de Aranjuez. This woman was a fraudulent nun, who simulated the stigmata; yet she won a perfect ascendancy over the Queen's mind, and it is not surprising that this return to the fanaticism of Philip II., modified by a newfangled spiritualism, alienated the intelligent people of Spain from their allegiance to the throne.

And then there arose a soldier, Don Juan Prim, who for some years made himself master of Spain. He was a bold adventurer, fit for any enterprise, and not too scrupulous of the means

used to gain his ends. His influence in the army was immense, and he wanted nothing more than a complacent monarch, to whom he should act as the power behind the throne. Had Isabella thrown in her lot with him, she might still have sat safe upon her But the intrigues of the palace prevented an alliance, and Prim was left to play his own hand. And play it he did with such success that Isabella wisely crossed the frontier, while Prim remained omnipotent dictator. That he was a profound statesman is not true: but he was an adventurer, with a fine sense of drama, and all those showy qualities which win the admiration of the people. Moreover, he had no desire ostensibly to take up the reins of power. What he wanted, as we have said, was an amiable prince, and he scoured Europe until he found one, as he thought, in Prince Amadeo. But in the very moment of his success, Prim was assassinated, and Amadeo was left to carry out a hazardous experiment unaided. Meanwhile, Isabella had made Paris her home, and there she lived in gracious exile for nearly forty years. That she played a great part in a historic intrigue was a misfortune for which she was not responsible, and as she was liberally endowed with the kindlier qualities, she might have been happy in an inglorious tranquillity, had not destiny placed her upon a shaky throne. But, as an admirer said, she was always a child, and few queens have earned a more amiable epitaph.

By an ironic stroke of justice Spain

within a space of twenty-two years was the means of overthrowing two dynasties in France, and the death of Isabella reminds us how swiftly the balance of diplomacy swings to this side or that. Will a Spanish marriage or a Spanish succession ever agoin involve Europe in a war or shake a constitutional monarch on his throne? We think not. Nowadays the eyes of all are turned resolutely to the East; and the future of the Pacific is of greater importance than the fortune of Spain. Even when the war of 1870 made the boast of M. Guizot ridiculous. there was no Japan, and the German Empire was but in process of creation. If we go back to the first half of the eighteenth century we shall encounter a still stranger system. Then Sweden and Turkey were Powers with whom it was prudent to reckon, and England was looking towards Russia that she might counteract the power of France in the North. How many combinations have been made since then! many changes will be witnessed in the next fifty years! And it is because our interests and aspirations have been shifted so far from home, that Queen Isabella has receded into the past, that the intrigues which preceded her hapless marriage appear, to our saner eyes, the fantastic diplomacy of a mythical kingdom. Then, in spite of ourselves, we were driven to scrutinize the aspirants to the hand of a Spanish queen. To-day we are the allies of Japan. Does history reserve for us a more sudden surprise than this?

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE OUTLOOK IN MACEDONIA.

It is a strange experience to emerge after a five months' sojourn in Macedonia into the world of newspapers where men take civilization seriously and discuss diplomacy in earnest. Two weeks ago among the chaos one detected no sign of movement. There the only realities were the burned villages, the despairing peasants, the Turks more obviously truculent than ever, the insurgents-armed and unarmedmaturing their schemes for a future in which there seemed to be no element of hope. That was Macedonia. Today, after a quick pilgrimage through all the fortunate lands that lie between London and Monastir and hasty glances at all the journals that record official optimism with one voice in many tongues, one almost searches for some ambiguity, some unconscious play of words. Is Macedonia really in the thoughts of these ready scribes who write about reform, these diplomats who sign their conventions and haggle over their paper schemes?

It would seem indeed that the Macedonian question had moved during the past two weeks. Bulgaria has certainly concluded a Convention with Turkey, and this as certainly means something. Once more she has undertaken to repress the activity of the revolutionary committees within her borders, and once more Turkey has agreed to amnesty her political prisoners. From the point of view of public peace the two concessions neutralize each other. What the Committee loses by encountering fresh difficulties in Bulgaria, it gains by the return of hundreds of its most active agents to Macedonian soil. These amnestied rebels and conspirators are not the men to learn a lesson or forget their aspirations. There are few of the

Macedonian leaders who have not been condemned and pardoned three or four times at the least. What the Convention really means is simply that Russian prestige, for very obvious reasons, is seriously damaged in the Near East. The present Bulgarian Cabinet is before all else the representative of national ideas. It cares comparatively little for the greater Bulgaria beyond the border. It is, above all, profoundly suspicious of Russia and intensely anxious to avoid any encounter with Turkey which might offer a pretext for intervention. Russian Its guiding principle is to avert a war, and, since it cannot ignore the sufferings of the Bulgarian race in Macedonia, it has been driven into the path of negotiation. Last May it sent M. Natchovitch to Constantinople charged to conclude some such treaty as that which has just been signed. I saw him in Sofia shortly after his failure. He had been defeated, he declared, not by Turkey, but by the Russian and Austrian Embassies, whose policy was to keep the management of the Macedonian muddle entirely in their own hands. year has passed, and M. Natchovitch has secured his treaty. The victory has been won for him by Admiral Togo's torpedces. It does not mean that Bulgaria is stronger or that the Sultan has come to a reasonable mind. means only that Russia is for the moment a less considerable factor in Constantinople and that the Porte is alive to its opportunities. The convention, as M. Natchovitch quite frankly admitted to me, means little or nothing to Macedonia. Bulgarian diplomacy will not succeed where the Concert But it does assure to has failed. the anti-Russian Ministry in Bulgaria a fresh lease of power. It has

now a plausible success to show at home and a ready answer to those who accused it of indifference to the fate of Macedonia.

The Powers, too, have also scored their little success. After five months of negotiation they have at length imposed upon the Sultan a single clause of the Austro-Russian reform scheme. He has accepted, not indeed the original scheme for a European gendarmerie, but something which bears a remote and pitiful likeness to that scheme. The Powers proposed to send sixty European officers to Macedonia: the Sultan has accepted twenty-five. The Powers proposed to send a large staff of non-commissioned officers: the Sultan has rejected them entirely. The Powers proposed that these officers should exercise the supreme executive command of the new force: the Sultan has accepted them as instructors. The Powers proposed that the officers should wear European uniform: the Sultan will dress them in the headgear of his own army, either in the red fez of the infantry or the black calpack of the artillery. At every point there has been abject surrender, and the points, abandoned were essential. If the Macedonian gendarmerie were to be a modern military force, useful on occasion for the prompt suppression of insurrections, there would be some object in endowing it with a staff of European instructors. But the time that is being spent at present in teaching the new recruits to march in step and to handle their rifles for parade purposes is time wasted. The business of a gendarmerie is to deal not with insurrections but with the crimes that lead to insurrections. It is all important that its units should be honest, intelligent, and alert, and quite unimportant that they should be a smarter type of Turkish soldiery. Only the knowledge that they were responsible in the discharge of every trivial duty

to Europeans would have given them the courage to behave with honesty and humanity. That knowledge they are not to have, and nothing else in the scheme was worth fighting for. Sixty officers with a large staff of European sergeants might have maintained discipline. Twenty-five instructors will be as impotent as the Swedes and Belgians already installed in Monastir and Salonica. I have been present at interviews between Hilmi Pasha and these unfortunate officers. I have seen one of the Swedes come into a public room, in the Konak, received with less courtesy by the Pasha than a newspaper correspondent, waived to a remote corner, and permitted to make his "suggestions." He wanted to nominate this honest man to a lieutenancy in the police and that educated person to a captaincy. The Pasha ultimately accepted both candidates as corporals. Similar humiliations await General De Georgis. As for the question of uniform, that is by no means trivial. For six months the one hope of the Bulgarian peasantry in remote Ochrida and Castoria has been to see a European among them responsible for the security of their lives and property. European, when he comes-and he is not yet there-will have no responsibility whatever, and his coming will fail of its dramatic effects. A European in a hat or a helmet would have been a symbol of civilization. A European in a fez is simply a hireling of the Turkish Government. Only one who has lived in the East can understand the whole significance of the fez. It is the symbol of degradation and servi-To discard it is the dream that sends men to the mountains. A European officer arriving in European dress in Castoria this spring would succeed by his mere presence in averting a fresh rising. A European officer arriving in a fez will serve as a symbol

of the Sultan's triumph over civilization. "This, then, is all we have to expect" will be the reflection of the peasants, and they will go home to clean the buried rifles.

The problem in Macedonia is at bottom a psychological problem-the restoration of confidence, the fostering of hope. For five months there have been no massacres and practically no fighting. It has been on the whole a close season for Bulgarians, an armistice rather than a peace. The behavior of the authorities has been relatively good, and the Bulgarian insurgents And yet there have been quiescent. is no progress to show. The paralysis of fear ties men's hands and casts a torpor over their minds. There are no signs of gradual change, and therefore a violent revolution is still prob-Everywhere the normal inseable. curity prevails. Peasants, whose burned villages lay near the high road dare not return to them for fear of the incessant exactions to which travelling soldiers and gendarmes would subject One village which had cut the timber to rebuild its cottages had every plank stolen in a night. I have seen myself an armed highwayman levying blackmail on a main road in sight of a town in midday. I once reached a village an hour after a patrol of infantry had desecrated what remained of its church. Again, in another village, while I was present, nine charcoal-burners came in with bruises and wounds inflicted by soldiers half an hour before. Of isolated murders one might write indefinitely. And yet all this was the fruit of no general wish to persecute. It bore witness only to the normal weakness and incapacity of the Government. An isolated outrage means nothing in Europe. Turkey it spreads panic because it is one proof the more that no reliable barrier stands between the Christian population and the fanaticism of its

neighbors. Politically this insecurity means that the Bulgarians have still an overwhelming motive for revolt. Better-they argue-one swift horror that may bring redress than this slow martyrdom. Economically it means that all idea of recuperation is hopeless. The peasants have no means with which to rebuild their houses or to repurchase the plough oxen that were everywhere looted. It is true that there is money in the country. But who will lend to a peasant who may be robbed to-morrow or massacred next summer?

Europe has failed once more to give the Macedonians a proof that revolution is needless, and without that proof the question of rising once more resolves itself only into the choice of an appropriate date. I found the two Civil Agents in Salonica happy in the conviction that a rising is impossible this summer because the Committee lacks the necessary funds. They forget that the Committee hardly aims at a military success. Any desperate move may provoke massacres, and massacres will lead to some fresh intervention. It is true that a really serious revolution is impossible, but a few mad acts of provocation-banditti rising here and guerilla fighting there-may lead to bloodshed as horrible as any civil war. There can be no progress and no security while Europe tinkers at patchwork schemes. One cannot apply gradual reforms to Turkey as one would to a constitutional country. Until some final solution is in sight the rival nationalities will never lay down their The Bulgarian Committee cannot dissolve, cannot even afford to remain for long inactive, until the need for revolution has passed. The Greeks are still fighting as desperately, if with less open and honorable weapons, for the territory that once seemed their heritage. The two propagandas between them have wrought a universal

moral ruin. There is no chance of pacification while this suicidal rivalry continues, and it must continue until Europe dictates the destiny of the country in some formula which promises finality. Slow solutions must fail of their effect because they work no change in men's minds. Some violent hope is needed to restore confidence, credit, and industry. A sense that the future is fixed will alone turn the energy of the various races from their business of mutual persecution and furtive conquest. There is, I The Speaker.

must add, one hope to which the Bulgarians of Macedonia still cling. Lord Lansdowne's promise to recur to some more drastic solution when the failure of the Austro-Russian scheme is evident is known to them all. English money has saved them from starvation. Lord Lansdowne has authorized them to look also for political action. How long must we wait for a proof that Austria and Russia have failed? It would be well if something less than a rising and massacre could bring conviction.

H. N. Brailsford.

ACTION OF ANÆSTHETICS ON PLANTS.

It not unfrequently happens that the passer-by in autumn is startled to find horse-chestnuts and other spring-flowering trees producing a second crop of flowers. A similar occurrence is not infrequent in pear or apple trees and in the common laburnum. This autumnal flowering is due to one of two In some cases after the flowers have been produced on the "old wood" or on short "spurs," the Kurztriebe of the Germans, formed in the previous autumn, other flowers are produced on the long shoots of the The difference in the present year. general appearance of a tree producing its flowers on the "spurs" and of one where the blossoms are produced on the "extension shoots" is often greater than that observable between distinct species, and yet, of course, there is no specific difference between them. The autumnal production of flowers on the yearling shoots is generally assigned, but in a vague, indeterminate fashion, to changes in external conditions. Be that as it may, there are some varieties such as the Napoleon pear which every year behave in this fashion. The operations of pruning are regulated by

the way in which the buds are produced on the old or on the new wood of the year, so that the gardener has to take cognizance of appearances which might be, and indeed are, generally ignored by the systematic botanist.

Another cause of autumnal flowering is due to precocity or anticipation. This is the matter which in particular has suggested this note. The flower buds are formed in their usual place, but, for some reason or other, growth and development are hastened, and the flowers which in ordinary circumstances should unfold in the following spring are seen to expand in autumn.

In one of the squares in Paris last autumn the whole or the greater part of the horse-chestnut trees were in bloom, young foliage being interspersed among the flowers. On closer examination it was seen that the older leaves had almost all fallen prematurely or were shrivelled up as if the roots had been deprived in some way of their necessary supplies of water. Similar instances of autumn flowering are familiar to observers, and they seem generally to be due to summer

drought, to removal at an unpropitious period, or to any cause which interferes with the normal course of nutrition. Allusion is made to these phenomena because they throw light on the experiments of Johannsen, of Copenhagen, who was the first to show the effect of ether vapor in hastening the flowering period of various shrubs. The action of the vapor of chloroform and that of ether in arresting the movements of the leaflets of the sensitive plant (mimosa) have long been known, but the action has been considered to be purely local.

Matters were in this state when Johannsen pushed his experiments further, and in a different direction, and proved that the flowering of lilacs could be hastened by exposure to the vapor of ether. He thought that if he shortened the resting stage of shrubs during which their activity is dormant, he would be enabled to induce the earlier and more rapid production of flowers. Exposure to the vapor of ether he found arrested the growth of the plant and secured its earlier and more complete "rest." hannsen's experiments have been repeated on a large scale in Germany and in France, the general method of procedure being the following. case, as nearly air-tight as possible, the lilac bushes are placed at a temperature of about 65° F. Light is exclud-From the top of the case is suspended a small cup into which the ether is poured by means of a funnel through an aperture, made for the purpose, and immediately closed. Owing to the explosive nature of the vapor the greatest care must be taken to avoid the presence of any flame. Thirty or forty grammes of ether are enough for a hundred cubic litres of air. The plants are subjected to the influence of the vapor for forty-eight hours. On their removal from the ether chamber the leaves fall, if they have not already done so. The plants are then removed to a cool house and gradually subjected to forcing in the ordinary manner.

By these means the expansion of the blooms is hastened, the etherized plants producing their blooms several days before those treated in the ordipary manner. The gain of a few days is a matter of great importance to the grower for market in the winter season, as he gets so much better a price for his goods. Moreover, the cost of fuel is reduced, for the same amount of heat is not required for forcing, as we have seen that the time required is diminished. Not only lilacs, but many other flowering shrubs have been experimented upon, and with such good results that the process has been adopted on a large scale, and in our own country Mr. Jannoch has, we learn, adopted the plan with most successful results.

A writer in the Jardin of January 20 narrates how he exposed plants of lilacs to the vapor of ether in the manner above described on December 7, removed them to the greenhouse on December 9, and on January 1 the flowers were sufficiently expanded for use in the decoration of his apartments. Other varieties followed at a few days' interval. Spiraea Thunbergii etherized on December 7 was in full bloom on December 24.

M. Minier, who made these experiments, placed his apparatus in a temperature of 13°-16° C., and the plants were subjected to the ether vapor for forty hours. They were afterwards placed in a house where the temperature ranged from 13°-16° C. at night to 15°-18° C. by day.

The photographs showing the contrast between the etherized and the non-etherized plants are very remarkable and bear witness to the value of the process in securing bloom in the dull season when the chrysanthemums are beginning to go off. It is noteworthy that the operation is most successful in November and December, and that if delayed until January the results are not so serviceable, as flowering plants can then be obtained in the ordinary way.

It is surmised that the anæstnetics act by causing the removal of the water from the protoplasm, thus drying it up to a certain extent and causing a suspension of its activity. Dr. Johannsen's observations are summarized in a brochure published in French by Nature.

M. Maumené, and entitled "Nouvelle méthode de culture forçée des arbustes et des plantes soumis à l'action de l'éther et du chloroforme," Paris 1903. Abstracts from these publications have been given in various Continental and English horticultural journals, particularly in the October part of the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society, which contains a paper on the subject by M. E. Lemoine, of Nancy, to which reference may be made for fuller details.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES.

The author of "Self-Help" died on April 16th, at his house in Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, aged ninety-one. The number of his years is important. For he saw the rise of railways, and he shared the common belief that the lines which fell on all the pleasant places of England secured prosperity for the population, that the steamship put man into touch with the Isles of the Blest, and that mechanics meant the millennium. Invention and discovery were in the air sniffed by the young Haddingtonian, who had adventured into medicine and practised-or sought to practise-among two or three thousand obstinately healthy Scots, watched furtively by eight vigilant physicians. At the age of twenty-four he produced, at his own cost, his first book, "Physical Education," and he lost upon it. That was the end of the Doctor-the prefix was abandoned until it came to him, with another significance, from the University of Edinburgh, in 1878.

As a railway official in Leeds, Smiles found himself in his element. He made George Stephenson's acquaintance and the resolution to be his future biographer. The intention was

fulfilled in 1858, when the "Life" was published by Murray on the half-profits system, which, in this case, proved no delusion to the author. Indeed the generous publisher, when the book was a proved success, raised the share of the author from one-half to two-thirds.

Next came "Self-Help," and it came in the nick of time. The very title took the public ear. The young national character had, no doubt, reached that point of development at which it needed the stimulus of collected examples of perseverance, even the cumulatively impressive list of successful apprentices who ended by marrying their employers' daughters. The vacancy for a masculine and muscular book was there, and parents and guardians. hailed a volume that filled it. Mechanics' Institute discovered a book of its own, and the school a prize-book that raised agreeable expectations. No doubt the view of life was limited. It counted successes that are exceptional, as if they were normal; it knew nothing of "the valor of the beaten host"; and it was subtly open to the satire unintentionally conveyed by the thief who, when he took it out of the prison

library, said that self-help had brought upon him all his misfortunes. Twenty thousand copies sold within the first year; that number may now be multiplied by ten. The Dutch pounced upon it first; the Japanese not long after; Russia, and every country in Europe, speedily yielded it readers in the vernacular, with the exception, the author used to say, significantly, of only Turkey. But it was in Italy that this book and its sequels, "Character" and "Thrift," produced the greatest effect. "You have done more to make Italy than Cavour or Garibaldi ever did," enthusiastic Italians wrote to him. If prosaic England, the shopkeeping nation, suspected his precept as mundane, romantic Young Italy held it to be even ele-The gospel of human usefulness was, in fact, the only gospel with which Young Italy had not then been It came as a tonic; and when bored. the arrival of the "illustre Samuele Smiles" was announced, Queen Margherita sent for him, Garibaldi on a sick-bed rehearsed to him the story of his life, the ladies of Florence gave him an album, and he found himself a lion among a people that is always honest in its lionizing. His delight For this was, if not was unaffected. poetical, at least prosy, justice. own career illustrated his own theme. He was able to build a substantial house out of the profits of a single book, and to put a copy of it into the He self-helped himself, foundations. and his own name was very obviously added to the list of the rewarded vir-

The activities of Dr. Smiles took him to Newcastle-on-Tyne for his Stephenson memoranda; he went to Wales for the traces of Hugh Middleton, to the fens for those of Rennie, to North Shropshire for those of Brindley, to Eskdale to make friends with the friends of Talfourd, to Birmingham to track the steps of Watt and Boulton

(for the biography which was his best book, he used to say, perhaps because it was his least successful), to Dartmouth for vestiges of Newcomen, to the country of the Vaudois to glorify their history, to Banff with his hero. Edward the naturalist, and to John o' Groat's after his Caithness baker. Robert Dick. When material came to him in a parcel-literary material such as that for the Murray memoir-Dr. Smiles was less at his ease than ever he was on his travels. Note-book in hand, he gathered straw for his bricks as he went and as he wanted, taking it on a pre-arranged errand, and reaching, therefore, the predestined end. A regiment has to march according to its weakness, not its strength, just as a chain bears the strain of its lightest link; but that was not Dr. Smiles's way of mustering and marching with his figures and facts. For him the strenuous and the successful. In their presence he was all gentality; his face lighted up, he was all his own sur-But over the data from Albename. marle Street he found himself frown-His "Industrial Biography" deing. served the luck which brought it a sale of ten thousand copies on publishing day; but his more literary undertakings neither deserved nor obtained that liberal recognition.

Dr. Smiles, living so long, outlived most of those whom he loved best. He was one of the most cheerful of his time and race, an optimist by a tendency that his own experience tolerated and confirmed. From all quarters of the globe letters came to him thanking him for the word in season he had spoken, for the incentives to perseverence supplied by his variations and illustrations of the old text, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel"—of the old nursery lay, "If you don't at first succeed, try, try, try again."

For himself, Dr. Smiles was not a man of many letters; and when he wrote, his letters, like his books, were chatty, common-sensible and anecdotal, rather than very salient or subtle or discriminating. A specimen passage from one such letter lying at hand may be quoted as representative, and as containing, perhaps, his own apologia:—

The sentence from "Endymion" that you mentioned last night, "the religion of all sensible men," is by Talleyrand, a great man for mots. The St. Barbe is not Thackeray. It is Anthony Trollope to the life. In the introduction of Endymion to the clerks in the small office, he is told that St. Barbe may sum him up and introduce him into one Perhaps you may reof his novels. member that the first, or one of the first, novels published by Trollope was entitled "The Three Clerks," the subject being the clerks of Somerset House. I speak, of course, from memory. I like "Endymion" very much. Whatever political prejudice may say about it, it is wonderfully bright and The Athenseum.

clever, and worth thousands of the trashy novels that now appear, fit only for the dust-bin. What if he borrow some of the brightest bits? Who does not borrow in these days? Emerson says that the ancients wrote all the best books, and that modern writers are merely borrowers from them. We are merely threshers of straw that has been already threshed.

Happy-go-lucky, as here, in his premises, Dr. Smiles was ever confident in his conclusions. His own length of years was a delight to him, even a reward. By his death we lose the last cheerful pedagogue in a school of optimism that has faith in the distribution of life's prizes with an automatically unerring hand. Affectingly simple and sanguine, he was the popular apostle of a universal Jack Hornerism. Jack had pulled out a plum, and what a good boy was he!

W. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The tragic incidents attending the death of Gen. Gordon have not been over-much pressed into the service of fiction, and Florence Brooks Whitehouse makes fresh and ingenious use of them in her new novel, "The Effendi." Her hero is the little son of one of Gordon's followers, taken captive at the fall of Khartoum, and taught to believe himself and his sister the children of the villainous old bey who uses them, years later, as spies to further the schemes of the Mahdi. The plot is a complicated one, and leads the reader not only through harem-courts and camps, but among tourist expeditions and up on to hotel verandas. Full of variety and color, the story will be popular for summer reading. Brown & Co.

The heart and the full-blown rose on

the cover of Alice Brown's latest volume, "High Noon," conspire with the title to suggest its theme. All in the maturity of their gifts and graces, it would be hard to find a more attractive group of women than the heroines of these twelve stories, and the response which each makes to the appeal of friendship, love, doubt or jealousy, is portrayed with rare delicacy and Like poor Sheridan afraid of the author of "The School for Scandal," Alice Brown must always fear the writer of "Meadowgrass" and "Tiverton Tales," and many of her warmest admirers will lay down this volume with a secret regret for those earlier ones. Cleverness is always in the market, but simplicity and sweetness are often far to seek. But cleverness like that of "High Noon" is undeniably out of the common. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

VOX CLAMANTIS.

"He must increase, but I must decrease."

Prophet austere, majestical, alone,

What strength is thine that thou canst dare foresee

Thy failure—that supreme apostasy Of self, for which no other faiths atone?

The work is thine, and how mayst thou condone

His triumph where thou fail'st, His great To-Be.

The coming of the morn which sets Him free

To reap ripe harvests which He hath not sown?

I hear thine answer, "Is it not enough To hew the path and smooth the appointed way?

That by my body's toil in places rough, Here where the craggy ramparts wound my hand,

His feet may easier win the dawning land,

His steadier eyes confront the growing day."

W. L. C.

The Fortnightly Review.

A FAIRY SONG.

O Beauty of all Beauty, come away Where music always murmurs, night and day

Fair are the hills and deep the glens of Eri.

But in this land of mine no hand grows weary

Guiding the plough or laboring at the

Or gathering kelp to burn upon the shore.

My people never think on yesterday.

O Beauty of all Beauty, come away Where never any golden hair grows gray.

My people's cheeks are redder than the rose,

No statelier height the spiring foxglove

April for garland on our brows we wear,

May in our eyes and August in our hair.

Our hearts are warmer than the sun on Eri.

And of our love no loved one waxes weary.

Our rivers run with milk, our loughs with wine,

And ebb-tide is not in these seas of mine.

Come to my plains of honey and behold My dancers there who never shall grow old,

Who never shall grow tired of to-day.

Or guess the gods made beauty out of clay;

Come and I'll shoe with fairy gold your feet,

And give you apples of red gold to eat. Come and be free of all things fair and gay,

O Beauty of all Beauty, come away.

Nora Chesson.

The Speaker.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

Oh! for the death of Time! Time that is linked below To sorrow and blood and crime, Time that is wed to woe! Fettering all our powers Creatures of days and hours! Torturing us at night, "Shall we again see light Dawn in a saffron sky When the black shadows fly?" Maddening us when day Breaks in a flood of gold Over wild wood and wold! "Shall we see eve?" we say, "Or, in a shroud of snow Shall we lie cold and low?"

But in a finer air
Life will be passing fair!
Never, I trow, a tear
Shed on Time's lonely bier!
Never a morrow more,
Never a yesterday!
For, like forgotten lore
These will have passed away.
F. B. Doveton.

The Pilot